# HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

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OUR STANDING ARMY OF FRAUD.

EVEN OVERBURDENED EUROPE CAN AFFORD TO LAUGH AT US.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 29, 1898

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SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has declared that England will insist, even at the risk of a war, that Chinese ports shall remain open to the trade of the world. This is the most vigorous and inspiriting utterance that has come from official Europe since the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE.

MR. TAPPAN ADNEY, HARPER'S WEEKLY'S special correspondent to the Klondike, whose accounts of the perils of the way have been the most graphic that have been published, is probably at Dawson. His journey across the Chilkoot Pass was recently illustrated in the WEEKLY. Since then nothing had been heard from him until a few days ago, when a party that left Dawson about the last of November reported that they had met Mr. ADNEY within four miles of that place.

THERE is pending before Congress a bill to amend the law relating to second-class mail matter by preventing abuses of it. The amendment, if adopted, would save the government $10,000,000 a year, and would make the Post-Office Department self-sustaining. But Congress thus far has refused to pass the act, apparently preferring that the frauds on the law should continue. Instead of saving money by a sacrifice of the beneficiaries of the abuses of the law, the Senate proposes to deprive the large cities of some of their present mail facilities.

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY-OF-THE-NAVY ROOSEVELT is perfectly right in asking for new guns for some of our cruisers. This is not a matter of Jingoism, and should not be so treated. We have no more modern ships and guns than we need for mere purposes of defence. In fact, we have not yet enough. And it would be unpardonable negligence on our part if we should leave on our ships guns that have been rendered obsolete by new inventions. Several of our cruisers are now inferior in effectiveness to foreign cruisers with which they should be at least on even terms, because their batteries are outgrown.

MR. WOLCOTT has made his promised speech in the Senate on his journey in search of international bimetallism, and he has announced his intention of retiring from the commission. Although he professes the hope that an international agreement may be made if the ratio be fixed at 20 to 1, he admits that France will not enter into one without Great Britain, and that Great Britain is hopeless, at least at present. Mr. WOLCOTT is naturally angry at Mr. GAGE on account of his adherence to the gold standard, but that is another bit of evidence to the point that he does not really believe that international bimetallism can be brought about. He did not explain by what authority he undertook to commit the country to an agreement making the ratio 15½ to 1, and he will suffer much torment for his further abandonment of the sacred ratio of 16 to 1 in his intimation that 20 to 1 may possibly be adopted. With our silver thinkers it is 16 to 1 or nothing.

THE reduction of wages of about ten per cent. in the cotton mills of New England is now general, and in many of the mills the notice of reduction has been followed by a strike. It is clear, however, that under existing laws cotton-spinning cannot long be profitable in New England. The labor cost in the Southern mills is one factor, and the high duties on everything that the spinner must use, except the raw material, upon the price of which the tariff can have no effect, is another factor. It is true that the Southern mills, owing to the fact that they do not make fine goods, are not yet serious competitors of the Northern print-works, but it is evident that with dear fuel and machinery New England is greatly handicapped. The wage account is not of so much importance, for high wages have not generally meant high labor cost either in the cotton-mills or in other industries. It is expected that the cotton manufacturers of the North will soon join the opponents of high protection, and the expectation is likely to be justified.

THERE are no important new developments in the situation in Cuba. The rioting in Havana seems to have been, physically at least, of the most inoffensive character. Nevertheless, the state of mind that induced it is dangerous to the peace of the world. It is inspired by hatred of the United States, and by hostility to the scheme of autonomy, which seems to have turned out a failure. An attack on American citizens in Havana or in Spain is therefore within the range of probabilities, and the government has wisely prepared for any such crisis by having the North Atlantic squadron ready for emergencies. In view of the delicacy of the situation, Jingoism should be impressively silent, but it was characteristic of the Democrats in the House of Representatives to make an effort to secure the insertion of a belligerency resolution in the pending Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. The effect was distinctly hostile to the interests of the country, besides being a silly and incompetently led attempt to accomplish an impossible object. It was doomed to defeat from the first, and was made regardless of consequences to the country for partisan ends. Again we have to thank Mr. REED'S tyranny for the suppression of fools.

THE strike of the Engineers in England is over, and the men have been defeated. In their defeat is involved that of trade-unionism, for the employers insisted on the right to manage their own business in their own way, and, after a most extraordinary struggle lasting for six months, the men have practically surrendered. Of course this does not mean the end of trade-unionism, by any means. We shall expect, on the contrary, that the next struggle in which the principle of collective bargaining is involved will be all the more bitter for this defeat. In American eyes the failure to reach an agreement is incomprehensible, for the stubbornness of the parties to the dispute has led to serious losses to English trade, and corresponding gains to American and German workshops. English builders have been unable to perform their contracts, and work in the English ship-yards has almost stopped. The strike has been a national calamity, the third party—the public—as usual being the greatest sufferer. One thing the English capitalist, and all capitalists everywhere, should bear in mind. The inevitable tendency of a strike like this is to strengthen the socialistic movement. The working-men will reason that if they cannot bring their employers to terms by negotiation, or even by striking, they will try to accomplish their object by legislation.

CROKER'S Democratic Club in New York city is something more than amusing. We are, indeed, not quite sure whether the boss's determination to play the elegant and fashionable sportsman is altogether an evil, or the subject for jest. If jesting should result in his abandonment of suavity and evening dress, we might regret the return to roughness in affairs, untempered, as it now is, by a certain sudden polish of the paddock and the jockey club. It may be said, indeed, that the Crokerian manner of life at the Democratic Club will entice young men, who might otherwise become virtuous citizens, into the arena and atmosphere of crime; but we doubt if this be so. It would be a very young man indeed, brought up under exceptionally remote and innocent conditions, who would be fooled by the outward appearance of RICHARD CROKER, or PADDY DIVVER, or Dry Dollar SULLIVAN. So far there has been found in New York only one father of respectable antecedents and surroundings who has been willing to appear with his son at the top of the slide, and to expedite his descent by a helping shove. There are, we trust, no other fathers in the city capable of this kind of devil's work, although we recognize the force of what may be said in behalf of this one, that his parental affection is so strong that he cannot get along without his son's society at the bottom. On the whole, we should say that Mr. CROKER'S elegance will harm no one, unless it turn himself and his natural comrades towards hypocrisy—a dangerous form of sin from which they have hitherto been free; while, on the other hand, they may feel called upon to do certain things for the benefit of the city in order to live up to their pretensions. Another pleasant thought is that it may be accepted as a general proposition, that every show of elegance and every substantial attempt for gaining the appearance of virtue will cost some votes to Tammany.

ZOLA is now to be tried for accusing the DREYFUS court martial of perjury. Major ESTERHAZY, whose published treasonable letters seemed to make him deserve condemnation and dismissal from the service, having escaped, the government has begun the prosecution of ZOLA; and the students, who do not reason, but who hate the Jews, have filled the streets of Paris with French rioting, and with French execrations against the man who has demanded justice for the Jew DREYFUS. The secret of the whole trouble is that French justice is administered in secret, and, so far as the public knows the testimony presented against DREYFUS, it ought not to have convicted one accused even of petty larceny. Speaking generally, the testimony on which DREYFUS is suffering the most cruel punishment ever inflicted by a modern government seems to have consisted of the opinions of experts as to the identity of the handwriting on certain pieces of paper found in a scrap-basket. In addition, it has just been avowed, so it is said, that the government came into possession of a copy of a list in the possession of the German embassy of French friends of Germany. This list was procured through the patriotic services of a woman of the town, and it contained the name of DREYFUS, not specifying any particular member of that very large family. A public trial would have given the government's case to the public; and if there was more testimony against DREYFUS, the public would have known it, and the critics of the government would have been silenced. Now the government has no answer to make to ZOLA'S accusations except to try him for his utterances; but it will not do to convict the writer and private citizen as DREYFUS was convicted. It is difficult to understand, however, how a case can be made out against ZOLA without exposing the merits of the DREYFUS case. In any event the affair is becoming quite serious enough to overturn a French government.

## THE IMMEDIATE NEED OF CURRENCY LEGISLATION.

THERE is some reason to believe that a currency bill will be passed by the House of Representatives. Whether it or any other measure will pass the Senate is another question, and the country has been informed, through the usual medium of an interview with a Senator, that that intelligent and reasonable body will "turn your currency bill into a free-coinage bill." In other words, it is to be the old story of opposition, obstinate and dull opposition, to the interests and wishes of the country. We felt it in 1893, when the country demanded that the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act should be repealed. For three months the Senate refused even to take a vote on the question, although all the time there was known to be a clear majority in favor of the repeal. In 1894 the tariff bill was "held up" in the Senate until the sugar trust could get what it wanted.

The time is coming again, apparently, when the press must address itself to this rebellious body, which is now the weak spot in the legislative branch of the government. In the mean time the question at issue is a very practical one, and it deeply concerns the prosperity of the country. Whatever degree of recovery our business interests are now enjoying, whatever revival of trade there has been, whatever increase of foreign commerce, whatever renewal of investments in American securities—all this is due partly to crop conditions that are favorable to this country, and partly to a feeling of confidence, resulting from the election of Mr. McKINLEY, in the future maintenance of the gold standard, and in the continued payment of the public debt in the coin of commerce. The prosperity that has come to us is yet so little as to make prudent men cautious. The slightest breath of renewed distrust would blight it at once. It is true that our breadstuffs must go abroad so long as Europe needs them, but commerce does not consist of exports, and many of the debtor institutions of the country are at the mercy of foreign investors. And so is the gold in the Treasury. It does not matter how much gold may be brought here by the sale of our breadstuffs abroad; the greenbacks will get it out so long as money may be made by its exportation, or so long as fears may be allayed by its mere possession. If timid capital becomes again doubtful of our ability to maintain the gold standard against the onslaughts of the silver men, we shall be forced to endure another financial crisis, in which fortunes will be wrecked and business interests ruined. Moreover, this later crisis will naturally be more severe than that of 1893, and the disappointment and discouragement that will be caused by it will be greater. As is inevitable in such crises in this country, the farmers, who are more dependent than any other class in the country on the healthfulness

of our foreign commerce, and on the confidence felt by European capitalists in our monetary system and in the soundness of our financial institutions, will be the greatest sufferers, and will suffer all the more keenly from a reversal of fortune because of their brief glimpses at a better state of things.

The country is face to face with an opportunity. If Congress will seize it and pass a currency bill, even the slight measure urged by Secretary GAGE, we shall probably avoid another disastrous crisis. If, however, no bill is passed, and especially if the Senate carries out the threat to which we have alluded, and turns whatever money bill the House may send to it into a free-silver bill, the business men of the country will next winter be wondering whether the politicians are ever to permit the return of prosperity.

It is certain that the silver issue is to be again the central feature of a national campaign. Congressmen are to be chosen next fall, and in many of the Congressional districts the old questions with which the country rang in 1896 are to be discussed again. It is true that the debate will not be so general as it was when Mr. BRYAN was making his canvass for the Presidency, for the issue will probably not be seriously raised in the East; but free coinage of silver will nevertheless be the theme in most of the States, and in all the States west of the Alleghanies and south of the Potomac. Certainly the debate will be loud enough to penetrate into the banks where the money lies, without the use of which exchange is difficult, and into the dispositions of merchants, whose willingness to take chances and to stake their credit makes trade possible. In view of the coming campaign, and also of the still more important and threatening campaign of 1900, it must seem to prudent men as though a law should be passed making it impossible for a President to change the standard of value, also making it impossible to employ the government's demand paper for the purpose of exhausting the government's gold-supply, and, at the same time, extending the banking facilities to small places where there is need of them, but where they cannot be had under the existing national banking law. Such a law would fortify confidence to such a degree that the ill effect of the silver campaign would be minimized. The mere election of Mr. MCKINLEY was an assurance to the world that the people of the country are opposed to the free coinage of silver and to any debasement of our standard of value. A law embodying the principles outlined would renew that assurance, and would further fortify confidence in the essential soundness of our financial views by proving that, whatever the politicians may say, whatever follies they may commit, whatever signs of rebellion against their masters they may display, in the end they are bound to obey the people.

The difference of opinion in the House, as we understand the situation, concerns different measures. There is the measure suggested by the Monetary Commission, which is the best of all, the measure offered by Secretary GAGE, and a measure prepared by Mr. WALKER, the chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. What is needed in this instance, as in all matters of importance in Congress, is a power, somewhat akin to that exercised by the government in England, to compel a compromise measure that will receive the support of the majority. We believe that there is such a power in the House of Representatives, and while it is a usurped power, it can sometimes act for the good of the country, although it has often acted against the general welfare. It is believed that this power will soon be exerted for currency legislation, and that some bill will be passed by the House of Representatives. The danger is in the Senate. The Senate has declared itself to be in favor of the free coinage of silver, and the advocates of the free coinage of silver are naturally believers in government paper, and opponents of all banks. But it does not follow that a measure cannot be passed even through that body, and that all hope must be abandoned because of the past history of the Senate. The Senate has not debated the money question seriously during the present Congress, and it has not had an opportunity to consider a proposition, such as will be contained in any bill that will come from the House, intended to make money more easily procurable in sections of the country that are now complaining of the lack of it. If the sound-money members of the Senate, irrespective of party, come together, agree upon a measure, and determine that a vote shall be had on the bill, even if to compel the vote the adoption of cloture be necessary, there is a chance that the country will have a reformed currency law before the Congressional elections are upon it. At all events, the effort ought to be made, while there can be no better preparation for the coming Congressional campaign than a thorough debate in the House. The recent vote in the Senate on the TELLER resolution does not definitely determine the Senate's attitude on a moderate currency bill, the resolution simply reciting, as a question of law, that the government has the right to pay its bonds in silver.

## OUR NEW MONARCHY.

IT is not a mere jest when people call RICHARD CROKER the king of the city of New York. He holds, indeed, no official position under the law. He exercises no recognized function of government. And yet the municipal authorities of this great city, as at present constituted, are as obsequiously subservient to his will as if he were the most absolute monarch in the world. There is not a municipal officer, not a municipal assembly, not a municipal commission or board, with the sole exception of the school board, that can safely do what he forbids, or not do what he commands. This is so well known that the community has settled down in a sort of resigned recognition of his dictatorship. In discussing the solution of a question of municipal interest or policy, nobody would at present attach any practical importance to the opinion of the intelligence or of the majority of the citizens, but everybody would expect it to be decided by the order of RICHARD CROKER. Not only persons seeking public employment, but substantial men who have business of great private or public consequence in charge, solicit audience with him as the potentate whose will is law.

Feeling his power, and taking himself as a sort of king with great seriousness, he seeks to surround his position with a show of dignity. He has established something akin to a court in a club-house, where Tammany "braves," masquerading as gentlemen in dress-coats and white neck-ties, gather in crowds to pay him their homage. That club is not only to be the social centre of his following, but it is also to attract, by an appearance of respectability, Democrats who have so far not been counted among his subjects. Indeed, it is to serve what may be called the imperial ambition with which his astonishing success in New York city has inspired him—the ambition to extend his rule beyond the boundaries of the city, over the State, and even over the nation. He has already succeeded in assembling around his throne a number of United States Senators, and of members of the Lower House of Congress representing various parts of the country, and it is said to be his plan to make the club which forms his court the council-chamber of the Democracy of the United States, from which the platform of the party is to issue, and in which the nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States are to be determined upon. Thus he hopes to lead the reunited Democratic hosts to success in the next national campaign, and to make himself the dispenser of the spoils of victory—that is, virtually the dictator of the country. Indeed, we hear already sanguine predictions coming from unexpected quarters that this is the way to save the Democratic party from Bryanism, and the country from ruin.

However fanciful such flights of ambition may at present appear, the very extraordinary character of his rise is well calculated to excite in CROKER the most sanguine hopes as to future possibilities. It is a singular evolution. We know of democracies that succumbed to the "man on horseback" who in times of civil commotion appeared as the "savior of society," or to the military hero whose deeds in war fascinated the popular imagination, or to statesmanlike genius serving the people in a manner that made its authority irresistible, or to combinations of individuals powerful by wealth or social connections. But CROKER does not belong to any of these categories. He is not even an exceptionally clever demagogue gifted with artful speech, or captivating manners, or a "magnetic" personality. No kind of prestige surrounded his name when he won his present position—not even that of courageous devotion to his friends; for when, three years ago, a storm of popular feeling arose against the organization of which he was the head, he ran away and left his friends to their defeat. And yet when more favorable chances for him appeared, he came back from Europe, like NAPOLEON returning from Elba, and his former following fell instantly into line under his command.

His astonishing recent success will be made more intelligible by an analysis of the forces with which he achieved it. Tammany Hall, as is well known, has, while pretending to represent a political party, been substantially only an organization of politicians seeking to control the municipal government of New York for their personal profit at the public expense. The explosions of popular exasperation called forth from time to time by its corrupt and oppressive practices occasionally defeated but never succeeded in destroying its organization of mercenaries. When out of power it lay in wait for new opportunities. So CROKER found it last autumn. The Tammany forces were unbroken and hungry. They stood under the banner of the "regular" Democracy—a banner which, even in such hands, had always attracted a considerable number of men blindly inclined to follow the party drum, but which proved now especially attractive on account of dissatisfactions created by the conduct of the Republican party in power. Tammany was also favored by a strong body of voters who were irritated by an illiberal enforcement of the excise laws; by many persons who thought themselves aggrieved by this or that reform measure, such as the removal of the trucks from the streets; by various private persons who expected from Tammany a relaxation of legal restraints in the pursuit of their business; by wealthy corporations which, on the one hand, feared Tammany's wrath, and on the other saw in Tammany government a chance for profitable deals; and finally, by Republican politicians who preferred the victory of Tammany to that of anybody opposed to machine rule.

To marshal such forces and to turn to account such opportunities undoubtedly required certain abilities—that power of will which will keep a band of mercenaries in discipline and overawe rivals; that courage which will sweep along the timid and irresolute; and skill in striking profitable bargains, in winning the credulous with vague promises, in organizing vulgar agitation, and in using money with effect. That he possessed these qualifications in a higher degree than any of his associates gave CROKER the obedient confidence of his following and made him what he is. They are, indeed, a good equipment for an autocrat of Tammany Hall. But when his ambition overleaps the boundaries of his present kingdom and reaches out for the State and the nation, he will find the very character of his Tammany kingship a most dangerous obstacle in his way. Tammany Hall bears the worst possible reputation in the country—so bad, indeed, that in several Democratic national conventions its delegation has been treated with demonstrative contempt. Whatever comes from Tammany Hall appears tainted. Whenever the Tammany king strives for power outside of his home dominion, he is met by an instinctive popular repugnance, even among the masses of the party which he calls his own.

Whether CROKER himself sees this or not, it is said that he means to make his government respectable. But in this he will surely fail, for good government is incompatible with the essential conditions of existence of Tammany Hall. It is true, admonished by TWEED'S fate, the Tammany chiefs have become experts in the art of getting rich by the use of political power without directly stealing from the public treasury. The secret blackmailing of corporations and of rich men, and the unscrupulous exploitation of the vast business opportunities afforded by the city government, may yield even larger profits without immediate danger of public scandal. But it is in the nature of Tammany government that not only the chiefs are to get rich, but that the lower orders of the Tammany mercenaries are to have their share of the cakes and ale too; and unless in due time they receive it, there will be revolt in the camp. They will of necessity demand and also obtain it, and then the old carnival of rapacity, extortion, and oppression by the minor agents of Tammany government, which made the world stare when revealed by the last investigation, will soon be in full bloom again. And it will not require any official inquiry to reveal it this time, for Tammany government will now be under keener observation than ever before. Thus the true character of the CROKER monarchy will appear in clear light before the whole people, and all its sham respectability will vanish, in spite of dress-coat and white neck-tie, and in spite also of any good intentions, if such should really exist. And after that the reaction.

This will inevitably come before long. And this contingency cannot be contemplated too seriously by the amiable and well-meaning Democrats, who, it seems, are already persuading themselves that from the shadow of King CROKER'S throne may issue the beneficent counsels and influences which are to reunite the distracted Democracy of the country on a platform of acceptable compromise and lead it to victory. If they are wise they will most carefully avoid all contact with this incurable rottenness.

CARL SCHURZ.

S. C. ROSE AS *BEATRICE, QUEEN OF THE BALLET*, THE LEADING FEMALE PART.

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W. S. HAWKINS AS *JACK HARWICKE*, THE LEADING VOCAL PART.

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## SOLDIERS AS ACTORS.

### THE FORTH-COMING PRODUCTION OF "THE QUEEN OF THE BALLET," BY THE BOSTON CADETS.

One of the highest social functions during the gay season in Boston is the annual appearance on the stage of the First Corps of Cadets—commonly known as the Governor's Bodyguard—when a week's performance is given in aid of the armory building-fund of the corps. This military organization is, as is well known, similar in make-up to the famous New York Seventh. Its members take pride in everything that pertains to the corps, and this spirit is shown in drill, uniform, camp, and armory.

On the shores of the beautiful town of Hingham, overlooking Massachusetts Bay, they have their own camp-ground, splendidly appointed, and maintained at their own expense. To erect an armory in keeping with the high standing of the corps and with its previously acquired camp-ground is an object which, for ten years or more, every member of the body has struggled to accomplish. The allowance made by the State for a drill-hall was so meagre that the accommodations thus secured were far from satisfactory. The corps set about to secure an armory of its own, to be paid for by its own efforts, and to be of a character that should reflect credit upon its owners and the commonwealth. As a result of this endeavor, a handsome structure of granite, wisely planned and beautifully appointed, to-day stands on Columbus Avenue, in the heart of the city, a monument to patriotism and perseverance. It is designed like a bastion fort, and would be a veritable fortress in case of a riot, as the arrangements for water-supply, interior fittings, etc., would enable its occupants to withstand a long siege.

The money for the erection and furnishing of this building came to the corps not by bequest or solicitation, but, as some one has cleverly expressed it, "the armory was danced and sung into being by the corps itself." A nucleus for the building-fund was secured by giving several small entertainments previous to 1890. In that year a burlesque, entitled "Injured Innocents," was written especially for the Cadets by Mr. Robert A. Barnet, with music by Mr. Carl Pflueger. The costumes, properties, and scenery were of the best. The play was produced at the fashionable Tremont Theatre for one week, and every male and female part was sustained by a member of the corps. The event was an instant success, netting $10,000 for the fund. Since that time Mr. Barnet has written five other plays especially for the Cadets, and each of these has had a week's performance at the Tremont Theatre during the height of the season, the attendance exceeding all records of professional productions as to the number of spectators for a single performance, as well as for the week's engagement and for the gross receipts at that theatre, where Irving and Bernhardt have played to great houses. A net profit of nearly $120,000 has already been secured from the production of these plays, which lasted only one week each—"1492," in 1892, netting $20,000; "Tabasco," in 1894, $18,000; "Excelsior, Jr.," in 1895, $22,000; "Jack and the

MESSRS. GORE, WILLIAMS, POTTER, AND YOUNG AS THE *JOLLITY THEATRE BALLET*.

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Bean-stalk," in 1896, $23,000; and "Simple Simon," in 1897, $25,000. With one exception, all of these plays, originally written for the Cadets, have since been produced by professional organizations.

A cast of over one hundred members of the corps has been the rule, and, of these, one-half assume female parts, with a grace and make-up that are astonishing. The most careful drilling of the principals, chorus, and ballet is given by a skilful stage-manager, musical director, and ballet-master, and rehearsals lasting three months are faithfully attended by every member in the effort to make it a finished production. The costumes are of the most elaborate description—those of the female characters especially so—and the scenery is gorgeous. A seventh play by Mr. Barnet—this time a musical comedy, entitled "Queen of the Ballet," the musical compositions being by Mr. E. W. Corliss, of Providence, and Mr. George Lowell Tracy and "Alfred Norman" of Boston—is now in rehearsal, and will be given in the Tremont Theatre during the week of February 7. With the proceeds of this the Cadets hope to be able to finish the interior of the armory. The auction sales of seats which have already taken place indicate that the military, business, and fashionable circles of the Hub will rally to the support of "The pride of Massachusetts's citizen soldiery," and make the profits—above the cost of the play, costumes, scenery, rental of theatre, and countless other outlays—greater than those of any in the history of the Cadets' stage efforts.

ALFRED T. WAITE.

B. P. CHENEY AS *HUNGRY JIM*, THE LEADING COMEDIAN.

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## THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The Sportsmen's Exposition appears to have justified itself as one of those annual exhibitions which may be expected to put in an appearance in future with as much regularity as the Horse Show, the Dog Show, and the rest of the accredited periodic functions at the Madison Square Garden. Needless to say this newer arrival cannot compete with some of the others in popularity; yet the attendance, if not phenomenal, is large, and encouragingly larger each year. And there is this added item of assurance—that it is based upon a real interest in the manner of thing that goes to make up the exposition, and not upon a caprice of fashion, which so largely determines the popularity of the Horse Show. People who go to the present exposition go because they are interested in some form of sport, and the number in evidence is one of many encouraging signs that our people are more and more appreciating the value of recreation.

It goes quite without the saying that the Sportsmen's Exposition this year is not free from that rather distressing insistence of the commercial spirit which has been mildly deprecated in these columns in connection with the previous meetings. Indeed, the aroma of professionalism is rather more pronounced than at the earlier meetings, as the exhibition of college trophies, which gave a pronounced amateur flavor in former years, has been quite withheld. The omission, whatever the cause, is rather to be regretted. But, aside from this comment, it is quite useless to inveigh against the professional aspects of the show, because it is apparent on the slightest reflection that without these aspects the show could not exist at all. Purely amateur sportsmen are no more altruistic than the rest of humanity, and if it rested with them alone to give the time and money necessarily expended on such an undertaking, there would be no sportsmen's exposition. As the case stands, it may frankly be admitted that the

W. J. TOPPAN AS A *BANK-DIRECTOR*.

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AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY HENRY S. WATSON.

main part of the show is made up of the exhibits of dealers in various kinds of sporting goods—ranging from steam-launches to bicycles, and from guns to golf-sticks—who make attractive exhibits for purely advertising purposes. But it must also be admitted that the exhibits thus made *are* attractive, and that their aggregation under one roof gives the sportsman an opportunity to learn what is the latest thing in the lines that interest him with a minimized expenditure of time and money. This in itself justifies the exhibition. But, aside from this, there are contests among amateurs in various lines of sport that add novelty and interest to the exhibition—bowling, billiards, rifle-shooting, and, in particular, fly-casting. The expert use of a bamboo rod is something that probably the majority of visitors here never before witnessed, and the expressions of surprise to be overheard indicate that many, at least, are astonished at the facility with which the accomplished fisherman manipulates the delicate instrument. "There's nothing to beat 'em but a Western stage-driver," I overheard one delighted observer remark.

In the nature of the case, one of these annual exhibitions is very like another, since the resources are pretty thoroughly exhausted at the very beginning. Nevertheless there are some gratifying evidences of improvement this year. One who attended the earlier exhibits cannot fail to observe, for example, a very marked improvement in the average quality of the taxidermists' work. Taxidermy has risen within the past few years almost to the rank of a fine art, whereas prior to that, as usually practised, it was the most inartistic of trades. The specimens shown at the Sportsmen's exposition three years ago were, many of them, of the old regrettable type, making the observer sure of only one thing about the animal, namely, that it was very, very dead. But in the present show, while there are a few of the old-time specimens painfully in evidence, the general average is high, and some specimens are excellent. The specimens shown include moose, caribou, musk-ox, antelope, and various deer among the game animals, but there is a surprising paucity of game birds. It would be an interesting innovation if, in a future exposition, the management would provide a complete series of well-mounted specimens of all the game animals and game birds of America, collected into one group, classified, and, above all, labelled with their proper as well as their various colloquial names. Not one sportsman in a hundred knows the correct names of all the birds he kills in a season's hunting; comparatively few are sure of the true inwardness of the puzzling tangle involved in the nomenclature of such familiar forms as "quail," "partridge," "pheasant," and "grouse," to go no further. So an exhibit of all the game creatures of the continent, properly labelled, would have not only general interest, but distinct educational value.

Something along this line is accomplished in the case of the game fishes by the exhibition of the original paintings of fishes for the illustration of ex-Fish Commissioner Harris's book on the subject. These paintings were made at the water's edge, and reproduce the colors and forms of the various subjects with the utmost fidelity, so that no fisherman is for a moment in doubt as to the fish depicted. But more than one fisherman has been puzzled in looking at the labels beneath the pictures, to find that a familiar friend is posing under a quite unfamiliar cognomen. The fisherman from the Middle West, for example, will see a fine specimen of a spotted fish which he has never heard called anything but "pickerel," but which the label assures him is a pike; while near by is the fish he has called "pike," strangely labelled pickerel. The labels are right, of course, and the result of their perusal, if at first confusing, must in the end be salutary.

While trophies of the chase and the deadly weapons with which they were secured are so much in evidence, there is one corner of the Garden in which a most interesting exhibition is given of the results of a form of sport of a more advanced, and, one must admit, a more civilized character. These are the photographs of living animals and birds taken in the field, mainly in Idaho and other portions of the far West, by Messrs. W. E. Carlin and W. H. Wright, and in Pennsylvania by Mr. Shiras. Deer, wild-cats, rabbits, squirrels, a weasel, and hawks, ducks, grouse, and many smaller birds are among the wild subjects which these indefatigable hunters with the camera have made the unharmed subjects of their prowess. All in all, this photographic exhibit is the most interesting, as it is the most novel, part of the entire exposition.

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

## MUSIC.

WITH a friendly and sustained popular interest, and a most satisfactory showing of society's regard for its box privileges, the opera season of the Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis has well begun, though passing only its second performance as this paragraph recording it is written. The repertory announced up to this week's close is, however, only "La Traviata," "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Aïda," and "The Barber of Seville." But short comment is called for on these familiar works at present in hand; and certain artists new to New York do not come forward in time for present discussion. Madame Melba sang magnificently on Monday night. Verdi's sensuous music (in which, however, the throb of sincere and artful dramatic eloquence can often be discerned) suits thoroughly the finest lyric soprano of the day. Of Madame Melba's resolute effort to accomplish in the leading rôle a further stage of her evolution into an emotional actress enough was said here, when she essayed it last year, to express interest and sympathy. The resolve carries Madame Melba much further than any one would have supposed possible a few seasons ago; but it never can

overcome her limitations of temperament and physique. Mr. Salignac is lyrically not a good *Alfredo;* Mr. Campanari as *Germont* was acceptable. The chorus was of average competency, and the orchestra excellent, under Mr. Bimboni's bâton. The mounting and costuming were the acme of the tawdry, tasteless, and ridiculous. When will a manager here restore to Verdi's setting of "The Lady of the Camellias" its correct dresses, male and female, or at least commonplace and contemporary ones? What a capital chance have Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis neglected to do what managers abroad are doing—to rehabilitate a long-suffering piece! The tawdry laced velvet breeches, and Nottingham jabots, and dateless, countryless garments of the other evening would have made a Zulu chief stare. On Friday evening Madame Gadski—certainly not second in the management's strong trio of women singers of the best rank—was announced to sing one of her best rôles, *Elizabeth,* with the support of Mr. Kraus in the title part. The cast was further an obviously strong one, with Madame Barna (a débutante of mark), Madame Mattfeld, and the Messrs. Bispham, Fischer, Staudigl, Van Hoose, Rains, and Schein. The result was an exceptionally fine representation of an opera which has received memorable ones in plenty here—in fact, one of the finest "Tannhäuser" nights recorded in local annals. It was not only a representation with star work of the best sort by the principals. Its ensemble quality was admirably sustained, first and last. The chorus was not the least to be commended. Mr. Damrosch conducted, and the orchestra the evening through was surpassingly attentive, expressive, and eloquent in its work. The Parisian version of the opera was not used—one regrets to say. But perhaps in time Mr. Damrosch will cleave to that partition with its much more effectively written first act. The audience crowded the house, and was enthusiastic without stint from overture to final curtain.

The programmes of the fifth and sixth Astoria subscription concerts merit record as sustaining the high musical characteristics of that interesting and valuable series. The bill for the fifth one presented the prelude to "The Mastersingers," the lyrical rhapsody "Farewell to Summer," from the late Goring Thomas's cantata "The Swan and the Skylark," one of the most dexterous and delicately beautiful works of its class; the "Siegfried Idyl"; the "Forest Scenes," arranged from Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel"; an air from Gounod's "Mireille"; and Mr. Seidl's masterly orchestral arrangement of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody." At this concert Madame Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. Evan Williams were soloists. At the sixth concert, Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony (the "Pathétique" one), the "Good-Friday Spell," music from "Parsifal," Grieg's "Solveig's Song," as an orchestral number, and several songs sung by Mrs. Henschel made up an admirable programme. The manager of the concerts announced an additional set of them, to be exclusively on afternoons—probably on Thursdays in March. For this group of matinées the prices of tickets will not advance on the rate normal to our orchestral concerts of the first class. A magnificent concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Thursday, with Madame Nordica as the soloist, and the Kneisel Quartet's concert occurred also in the week, one crowded with music.

It is fitting that the Astoria Hotel, with its climactic luxury and its dignity in what is the modern inn, should begin its first season with a peculiar share in the city's musical entertainment—one most special and alluring. The fortunes of the family whose name it bears are immediately founded on music. For was it not in or about 1783 that John Jacob Astor, a youthful and enterprising German, sailed from Southampton to New York with a small but carefully selected consignment of musical instruments? And was he not to dispose of these as agent for the already famous London manufacturers Broadwood & Astor? In the possession of the writer of this article is a piano-forte, exquisitely a type of the instrument of its day, and still exquisitely musical, that bears the name and date of its Astor manufacturing, and bore it in a fresh consignment across the sea. From such a modest but interesting musical path for making headway in the New World—especially interesting, too, to review in view of its relation to conditions of our early social life—the young man passed on to wider and different enterprises, and so to the vast undertakings which made the Astor name historical in the United States.

Mr. Franz Rummel, a pianist much identified with the American concert seasons during a dozen years, in spite of occasional long absences in Europe, has returned to this country, and with Siloti and Hoffman will be heard as the season passes its first half. According to a table of theirs, Mr. Rummel's professional statistics are interesting. He has played in 660 concerts in 154 cities and towns of 14 different countries; his programmes have contained 326 works by 61 composers; of the works, 153 were originally written for piano-forte solo, 59 were chamber compositions, 27 with orchestra, and 24 transcriptions. He has played this large repertory exclusively from a memory that has almost the inexhaustible tenacity of that of Hans von Bülow.

At its recent third brace of the season's concerts the Philharmonic Society presented Siegfried Wagner to us in the light of a composer. "Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin!" comes to mind in recording this amiable but unfortunately unnecessary musical incident. The symphonic poem "Sehnsucht," by young Mr. Wagner, sets out to express various ideas, abstract or other, according to Schiller's poem. It is a richly written, and, generally speaking, it is a well-written work of considerable length. It hints of the Lisztian model and diction, rather than of Wagnerian suggestiveness. Occasionally there is an odd lapse toward Mendelssohn's simpler and more direct musical speech, even so far as to make open reference to a familiar passage in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music. The composition, however, has nothing to say worth saying, either with as much technical finish and occasional freedom of instrumental utterance as it shows, or with a great deal less. The themes are not eloquent; and, in short, nothing in the piece goes beyond the department of that improved *Kapellmeister-Musik* which furnishes German concerts just now with their home-made novelties.

Next to having one's memory haunted by a musical phrase, turning up persistently even when we are half conscious of its insidious presence, comes having a musical phrase spoiled by a verbal association that sticks to it and caricatures it, or does worse. Mr. Emil Liebling, in an article in *Music,* awhile ago, suggested to those who play Mendelssohn's "Rondo Cappriccioso" that the brisk figure early occurring in it says, "Nico-*de*-mus! Nico-*de*-mus! Nico-*de*-mus!" and so on *ad lib.* Mr. Liebling also unkindly mentioned that to the opening measures of Liszt's charming "Lorelei" song a geographical text may be set—"Maine, Orin-*o*-co, Vermont, Vermont!" Such unnecessary musical eloquence lurks everywhere either to the light-minded or serious auditor with a memory. Out of Brahms's piano-forte concerto in B flat may be recalled a theme that can irresistibly suggest "Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Whether the synthetic method of artistic education needs to take heed of these interesting coincidences or not is a question. But, as it is a poor rule that will not work at least two ways, might not our news companies teach their agents to cry their wares "most musical and up and down"—ever in Wagnerian motives and other precious melodic material? Fancy the æsthetic satisfaction, the missionary work, for all, that would come in hearing the lusty-lunged seller of periodicals employ the familiar theme in Lohengrin warning Elsa against asking questions of her champion as vehicle for "*The North Ameri-can Review!*" "*The Cosmopoli-tan* for May!" In like manner would the Valkyr-cry sort with "HA-ARPER'S WEEK-LY! HA-ARPER'S MONTHLY!" and the opening notes of Tristan's motif accord with "All the pa-pers—all the pa-pers!" Possibly we may yet live to hear this happy advance in practical æsthetics.

Along with some recent German interest and German criticism as to affairs Wagnerian have come to publication more of the confessions and reminiscences of Frederic Nietzsche, sometime the composer's friend, if not prophet, but who finally numbered Wagner among the Decadents. For the first time Nietzsche seems to have set forth the circumstances of his falling off from apostleship to apostasy. "It was at the time of the first Baireuth Festival, in 1876," wrote Nietzsche, "that I took farewell of Wagner, in the full height of his first *Festspiele.* I cannot endure equivocation; and since Wagner had returned to Germany he stooped to all that I despise—even to antisemitism. In a word, it was high time for me to break off from him. I had the proof. Wagner, while apparently a great conqueror, was in reality a desperate and decrepit Decadent, suddenly sinking into one irremediably annihilated." Nietzsche, it will be remembered, still lives, but is incurably insane and under restraint.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

# ART.

## EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

ONE interesting feature of the exhibitions at Philadelphia is that good examples of many men of widely different aims and methods are here found side by side. The visitor has therefore a chance of comparing them, and obtaining a fairly comprehensive idea of the character of contemporary American art. He will not make the mistake of considering the summary exhaustive, for many well-known men are unrepresented, others show work that does not represent them at their best, and especially there is no indication here of that very vital branch of art, mural painting. Still, within these limitations, the exhibition records most attractively the work of a great number of American painters, resident in the United States and Europe.

As usual in American galleries, the portraits play a very important part. The reason may be that our conditions are not favorable to that atmosphere in which the imagination works freely, or simply the fact that there is a greater demand for this kind of picture. But certain it is that they afford peculiar scope for those qualities in which our painters excel—sureness of observation and virility of expression. And, since many painters are indefatigable in their efforts to add to the particular value of the portrait the more universal charm of a picture, their work often stimulates the imagination and emotions.

For example, George de Forest Brush's "Mother and Child," is beautiful either as a portrait or as a picture. One need not know the mother and the little one in her arms, or the older child peeping through the shade of the background, to judge of the excellence of the picture. In the complete serenity of the woman's face, the dimpled innocence of one child's and the healthy earnestness of the other's, still more in the tranquil balance of the full and empty spaces of the picture and the rich and sober harmony of color into the depths of which the eye can penetrate, the painter, in his own language, tells a gracious story of motherhood and child-life. Near it is another child-study, J. J. Shannon's "Miss Kitty," which won the first Carnegie prize at Pittsburg—a sweet-faced girl, with quiet earnest eyes, clad in a riding-habit and large velvet hat and feathers, the color velvety and subdued, and melting tenderly into the dark background. Then there are the "Three Children" and "Child Sewing," by Frank W. Benson, painted with remarkable virility and certainty of effect, and yet in their sentiment as tender as possible. John Lambert, Jr., also has a charming child picture in "Dorothy Harrison."

Of other notable portraits there are many. John S. Sargent is represented by Senator Lodge, exhibited last spring at the "Society," with splendidly expressive hands, and a slight slouch in the body that excellently indicates the man of action holding himself in reserve, but with a face that is not painted in this artist's best manner. There are many examples of Miss Cecilia Beaux's clever and gracious portraits, and several of William M. Chase's, to which the same epithets may be applied, though he does occasionally, as in the case of "Dieudonnée," sacrifice the beauty of truth in flesh-color to the abstract beauty of his color conception. Then there is the Dr. Rainsford of Alfred Q. Collins, in which the painter has represented with remarkable directness the straightforward character of his subject; the sensitively tender "Violinist" of William Lockwood; and two brilliantly audacious portraits by Howard G. Cushing.

Among the pictures which represent land and sky and water, James McNeil Whistler's "Symphony in Violet and Blue," for all its smallness, may be mentioned first, as the most independent utterance of a painter's language, saying what was to be said in the most abstract way, by pure color. J. H. Twachtman exhibits five landscapes of exquisite subtlety of color and tenderness of feeling; William M. Chase, a "Coming Storm," where the wind from a turbulent sky passes right through to the front of the scene; William A. Coffin, a firm and solid foreground against a sky that trembles in the growing light; and Herman Dudley Murphy, a little "Moonrise in Holland," in which the horizon is very low, and the sky above it is full of mystery. In the "House of the Coast-Guard" Edward F. Rook shows the gleam of moonlight upon white walls, securing an effect of enchantment from very prosaic realities, and William T. Richards sends a splendid picture of wide full-lighted sky and sea, "Off Sark." The mystery of the midnight sun in Norway and the stillness of mountains and smooth water are the theme of Humphreys Johnston, rich golden foliage and a sultry sky in the "October" of Colin C. Cooper, while a sadder note is struck in Frank de Haven's "First Tinge of Autumn." Among the numerous contributions of the brothers Alexander and Birge Harrison may be mentioned especially the former's "River Scene," so pearly in its coloring and tranquil, and the other's "Road Near Santa Barbara," with its truthful rendering of glaring sunlight. It is sunlight again, but this time of New England, that softly and hazily illumines J. Alden Weir's beautiful "Mid-day Rest in New England," misty sunlight that bathes the snow scene in Leonard Ochtman's "Morning Light," and once more full strong sun in Robert Reid's "Flying Shadows."

Selecting a few pictures like this, almost at random, and summing up their chief characteristics, helps one perhaps to understand the way in which our artists are striving to represent nature. It would seem that it is light which is their chief study—light in its various moods and subtle differences, affecting not only the appearance of the landscape, but the mind of the artist himself. He accepts the conformation of land and water as he accepts himself and his fellows; they are the concrete things. The *magic* of nature is this wonderful, ever-changing light—of morning, noon, and night—endlessly modified by the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere; light which is to nature something what the spirit is to flesh. The more we follow our painters in this direction, the better we appreciate that their labors are not in vain.

Of the figure compositions, other than portraits, John W. Alexander's "Pot of Basil" is a good example of how a picture may be founded upon a poem, and yet not depend upon it for interest, deriving its charm independently from the beauty of its coloring and the eloquence of its lines and masses. "The Musicians" of Frank Brangwyn illustrates this English artist's effort to make his pictures pieces of rich embroidery bordered by a frame. It appeals first as a fine decoration. Miss Mary Cassatt's "The Toilette," of which a reproduction appears on another page, has much beauty of color and strength of drawing, but most of us will feel that the types of face are not attractive, and that the treatment of the child loses the essential charm of childhood—tenderness. George Hitchcock sends from Holland "Ariadne" and "The Annunciation," in which he has embodied respectively the classical and the religious idea in a modern Dutch peasant girl; and Louis Kronberg exhibits "The Lotus," a graceful figure, suggesting much of the mystery and beauty of ancient Egypt. Elihu Vedder is represented by his well-known "Diana"—lent by Mr. Frank Thomson.

The most notable pieces of sculpture are three statuettes in bronze by Frederick Macmonnies, of which many will prefer the "Running Cupid," instinct with movement and buoyant grace; Charles Grafly's "Symbol of Life"; eight bronzes by Paul W. Bartlett, lent by Mr. S. P. Avery; and F. Edwin Elwell's "The Orchid." The last, reproduced on another page, is a very interesting attempt to personify the elegance, delicacy, spirituality, one may almost say the coquetry, of the flower.

## THE SECESSION FROM THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Protestantism seems bound to end in sectarianism. Ten painters have recently formed a separate group, after resigning from the Society of American Artists, which itself originated in a secession from the National Academy of Design. The subject has been fully discussed from two points of view—that of the Society and that of the seceders. But there is a third which has been overlooked—that of the laymen.

There is a narrow school of painters and writers who regard these same laymen as not only ignorant of painting, but incapable of acquiring an understanding. It is admitted that in the more abstruse art of music there is an increasing number who can acquire an intelligent and even a deep appreciation, but asserted that in the case of painting it is impossible. If it were so, the painters would indeed be a little group of selfish voluptuaries, whose sole aim would be their own pleasure, and who, compared with the other workers of the world, would be like children playing on the sands.

But the number of laymen is increasing who are conscious of appreciating the painters' language of line and form and color. They are a body whom the majority of painters are eager to welcome. To these laymen the secession is just one more exasperating cleavage in the already divided ranks of painters, which will reduce still further the number of interesting pictures at any one exhibition, and will necessitate filling the gaps with what should be rejected. The laymen's way of looking things in the face, instead of through a medium of sentiment, makes them doubt whether this new group has any serious *raison d'être.* It seems to stand for no clear principle. Its members seem homogeneous neither in purpose nor method. Dissatisfaction with the society would appear to be the cord which temporarily unites them. So far as one can discover, they feel that their pictures suffered by contact with others, and that a taint of commercialism has entered into the society.

To laymen, however, it seems that good work need not be isolated to hold its own; that isolation is inconsistent with the proposal to hold any exhibition at all; and that, unless these artists are independent of financial considerations, a certain commercialism is inevitable. So they cannot help deploring a step which will lessen the interest of the established exhibitions, will confuse the seekers after light and harden the hearts of the philistines, and, while not of itself lifting the secessionists to a higher plane, may seriously impede the interests of the society they have left.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

It is recorded, and the record seems veracious, that the order of the Barons of Runnymede was organized on January 8, at the house of a Cadwallader of Philadelphia. Persons are eligible for membership who can establish an unbroken line of descent from a thirteenth-century nobleman who helped to wring the Great Charter from King John. Among the names of persons claimed as founders of this society are Bulkeley of Hartford, Lee and Cadwallader of Philadelphia, Whitney of New Haven, Winston and Marsh of Chicago, Betts, Green, Earle, Bleeker, Parsons, Pomeroy, Schieffelin, Richardson, and Riker of New York, and a dozen others. They are respectable names carrying an implication of solvency, if nothing more. But what a queer society, and what a curious state of mind in an American the desire to organize such an association and be on its roll and wear its badge implies! Perhaps it is the expression of a desire to have roots which is a natural reaction from the individualism of the American civilization. The popular sentiment in this country is that a man stands for what, personally, he is, and for the money that he has inherited or got together. It may be that we ought not to deride persons who wish to be somewhat more representative than that, and who feel the need of having something under them that is less liable to sudden removal than their own strong boxes, and something back of them a little stiffer and more durable than their own backbones. The desire to represent something is lawful and wholesome, but, dear, dear! it is such a far cry back to Runnymede! The descent from Adam is more democratic and only a little more remote. Why not stick to that?

Mr. William Coolidge Lane, the new Harvard librarian, is a Harvard graduate of the class of 1881, who passed, immediately after graduation, into the service of the Harvard library. In 1887, after six years' work, he was made assistant librarian, and kept that place until 1893, when he resigned to become librarian of the Boston Athenæum. Twelve years of service in the Harvard library must have made him thoroughly familiar with the work of his new place, and must have made the Harvard authorities equally familiar with his qualifications. He has been secretary of the publishing section of the American Library Association ever since it was started in 1886, and has helped to publish a number of important lists and indexes of great bibliographical usefulness and value. He has also been president of the Massachusetts Library Club, secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and librarian of the Dante Society since its formation in 1888.

Another librarian of distinction in his profession who has lately moved is Mr. John Cotton Dana, who on January 12 resigned the place of librarian of the Denver Public Library to take charge of the City Library of Springfield, Massachusetts. Springfield is not so big a town as Denver, but it has a stronger library, so that the change means promotion for Mr. Dana. He has been president of the American Library Association, to the work of which, as above stated, Mr. Lane has been so diligent a contributor. Mr. Dana's work in Denver, and in Colorado generally, in promoting the use of books, the formation of libraries, and the spread of knowledge in many ways has been warmly appreciated, and his departure excites the *Colorado School Journal and Book Leaf* to lament the new illustration of "a truth we recognize so often in Colorado, that a man of unusual ability can't afford to stay here after Eastern people know about him." Denver is a very rich city, with a population of 106,000. It ought not to let Springfield, with a population of 44,000, take a valuable man away from it. But as the *School Journal* says, Springfield is a better library city, and the centre of a population of 100,000 or more.

On January 14, in England, died the Rev. Dr. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, known to the learned as an Oxford lecturer on mathematics and the author of a number of mathematical works, and to the curious as "Lewis Carroll," who wrote *Alice in Wonderland*. Not one person in twenty who have delighted in "Lewis Carroll's" nonsense stories could have told the author's real name. The fame and popularity of these books have been enormous; but though Dr. Dodgson's responsibility for them ceased long ago to be a secret, he managed somehow to avoid most of the publicity which successful authorship usually involves. Perhaps the reason of his success in that direction was his sincere desire to let his nonsense books take care of themselves and to avoid being associated with them. The New York *Tribune*, in a notice of him, says:

> Dr. Dodgson was a man of retiring habits, almost beyond belief. He had a horror of meeting strangers, of publicity, and of allowing himself to appear as a celebrity. Such a man was, naturally, in mortal terror of autograph-hunters. When a stranger ventured to write to him, addressing him by his real name, and implying in any way that he was the writer of the "Alice" books, he used to send a printed reply which set forth that C. L. Dodgson was so often approached on the supposition that he was the author of books bearing another name, that he was obliged to take this means of replying, in all such cases, that Dr. Dodgson neither claimed nor acknowledged the authorship of any book which did not bear his name. This reply was most carefully worded, so that while it "neither claimed nor acknowledged" the authorship of the books, it did not expressly deny it.

Dr. Dodgson was born in 1832; was graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1854, with a first-class in mathematics; was elected a student of his college, took orders in 1861, and from 1855 to 1881 was a lecturer in mathematics. Under the name of Lewis Carroll he published, besides the books which every one has read, others not so famous, as *The Game of Logic* (1887), *Sylvia and Bruno* (1889), *Symbolic Logic* (1896), and others. His first editions are sought for, and any one who happens to have an *Alice in Wonderland* dated 1866 should put it in a glass case at once.

Even the lightest literature is worth doing well. "Lewis Carroll's" books have lasted because brains went to the making of them. So W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* and operettas are as good to-day as ever. There will have to be a revival of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas before long, for the benefit of the generation that has grown up since they had their turn on the boards. They and the "Alice" books are perennial pleasures, and any child who is not brought to a knowledge of them has a legitimate grievance against its parents.

A Boston despatch dated January 13, published in the newspapers, records an episode in the life of Helen Keller. It seems that she has been taken out of the private school where she has been fitting for Radcliffe College, and that her instruction will proceed under private tutors. This change is stated to be due to a difference of opinion between Miss Sullivan, who has been Helen's other self these many years, and Mr. Arthur Gilman, the master of the school. It seems that Mr. Gilman thought Helen was being overworked, and that if she was to enter Radcliffe she should take four years more to prepare. Miss Sullivan's plan was for only two years more of preparation. Into the merits of the disagreement it is unnecessary to inquire. The final result was that Mrs. Keller was sent for, and that with her consent new arrangements were made for continuing her daughter's education.

In the Weekly for January 15, a paragraph which noted the arrival of General Booth alluded to the report, widely published in the newspapers, of unkind insinuations said to have been made by Mr. Booth-Tucker, to the effect that Mrs. Ballington Booth had not really been so ill as had been supposed. This statement about Mr. Booth-Tucker seems to have been untrue. He has denied that he made unkind remarks about his brother-in-law's wife, or expressed anything but sympathy for her in her illness.

While General Booth was in New York he had an amicable meeting with his son Ballington, which may possibly result in better relations between the Salvation Army in America and the American Volunteers.

General Booth has gone to Canada and the West, and has a long list of engagements to fill before he gets back to New York. His life has been one of extraordinary activity. He was born in 1829, and brought up in the Church of England, but early developed a preference for Methodism, and became a pastor of that Church. In 1852 he began work as a revivalist. In 1855 he married Catharine Mumford, who afterwards became known as "the Army Mother"—a woman who came to be reverenced and profoundly loved by thousands of her fellows. Of her the Salvation Army Building in Fourteenth Street, New York, is a memorial. In 1861 began the undenominational mission-work in London which, gradually reaching out on its social side, developed in 1877 into the Salvation Army. In 1879 the *War Cry* was started. Next year the army-work was transplanted to America and Australia, and in 1881 to France. In 1886 General Booth made his first visit to this country and Canada. In 1890 he published *In Darkest England, and the Way Out*, started the Farm Colony near London, and planned other schemes for colonization of members of "the submerged tenth." During the last seven years he has been in all parts of the world, especially in India, everywhere holding meetings, conducting "campaigns," and promoting the purposes and interests of his organization. That those purposes are good, and those interests in the main unselfish and worthy to be promoted, is no longer seriously questioned. The schism in the Salvation Army has hurt its prestige in this country, but it is still with us, and still active. Its foundation and growth attest its founder's extraordinary capacity for organization.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

In Denver there has just closed a short and decisive commercial conflict, the results of which are important and not without interest to the community in general. Early in the month fourteen department stores in Denver notified the newspapers of the city that they had determined that advertising rates should be reduced twenty per cent., otherwise, they announced, they would cease to advertise. The newspapers not only failed to agree to this arrangement, but promptly gave out that advertising rates were too low, and would be raised eleven per cent. Thereupon the department stores withdrew their patronage and began to make their communications to the public by means of handbills.

It did not work. Public sentiment backed the newspapers; the labor unions took up the fight, agitation followed, and the department stores lost their trade. The situation was too much for them. On January 18, after ten days of experiment, the stores raised the white flag, and sent word to the newspaper offices that they were ready to surrender, and would resume their advertising contracts as soon as arrangements could be made.

For a good while the relation of the department stores to the newspapers has been food for thought for meditative persons. The stores, by driving out of business a great number of small concerns, have deprived the newspapers of a great many advertisers. But publicity is the very breath in the department stores' nostrils. They must have it, and they have bought it so liberally as to make some observers wonder how long it will be before newspapers cease to be independent concerns, and begin to be issued from the department stores' retail news departments. All over the country newspaper competition is intense, and newspaper profits for the last five years have been hard won. Almost everywhere the newspapers are giving too much white paper, too many pictures, and too much reading for the money they receive, and when they are threatened with such a curtailment of income as was proposed in Denver, it is a matter of life and death to them to resist and to win.

The latest surgical novelty, the excision of the stomach, seems not to be very cordially received by the profession in New York. The story of the success of Dr. Schlatter of Zurich in removing the stomach of a Swiss woman, which the medical papers lately published, has been followed by similar surgical experiments in St. Louis and Milwaukee; but in both of the American cases the patients died. The New York surgeons seem inclined to be very conservative about it, and argue, from the results in the West, that the operation seems extra hazardous; so there is no reason to believe that this new feat will supplant the appendicitis operation in the public regard. Even in the case of the woman of Zurich it has not as yet been clearly demonstrated that life without a stomach is worth living.

January 17 was fairy godfather's day at the Baker chocolate works in Milton, Massachusetts. On that evening was distributed the $43,000 left by the will of the late Henry L. Pierce to the employees of the business of which he was manager. Two hundred and forty-five men and 185 women met the officers of the corporation in a large room in one of the mills, and, after a supper and some discourse from Mr. Pierce's executor, each received a check for one hundred dollars. The oldest employee received a special legacy of $2000. It is not recalled that there was ever a testator whose testamentary provisions gave more acute satisfaction to more of his personal acquaintances than those of Mr. Pierce. There has been no audible grumbling about his will. He did everything that was expected of him, and a great deal that was not expected, surprising very many people, and disappointing none—unless, possibly, some members of one of the learned professions, for as yet there has been no hint of a lawsuit over his will. The will ran over with miscellaneous kindness and benevolence. Mr. Pierce ought to have kept a school for testators whose purposes were philanthropic. If Stephen Girard, A. T. Stewart, Samuel Tilden, and Daniel B. Fayerweather could have sat under his instructions awhile, the memory of all of them would be sweeter, and the general public would be a gainer by a good many millions of useful money. Is there not some one living who has had experience of wills and is competent, by disposition and knowledge, to open such a class for the instruction of testators? Might not Mr. Carnegie undertake it, or Mr. Pierpont Morgan?

Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, has made Dr. Nansen an LL.D. Perhaps it stands in his case for Doctor of Latitude and Longitude, but, anyway, it is well earned and becomes its recipient. It was conferred by President Finlay, on the evening of January 17, just before Dr. Nansen began his lecture.

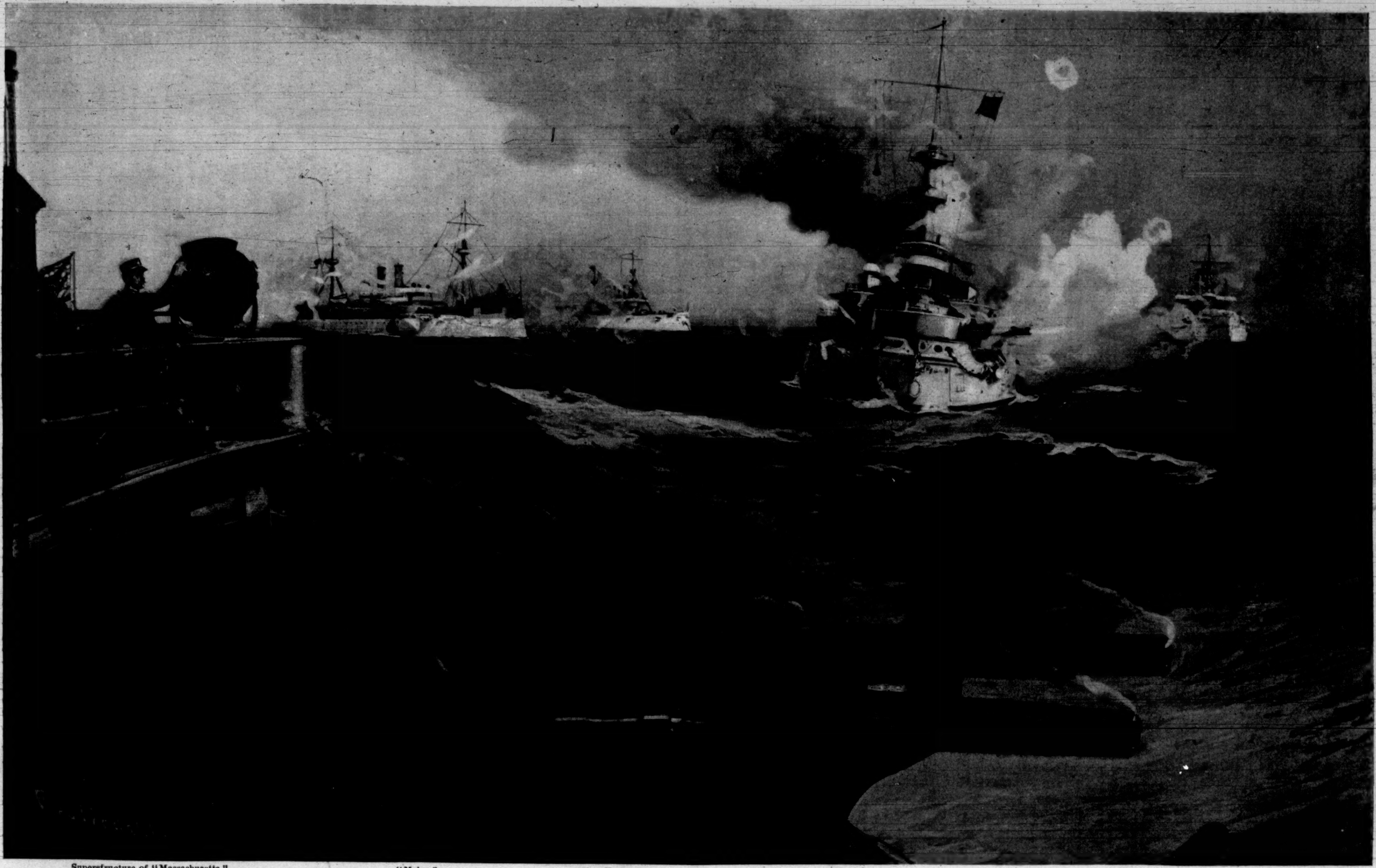
Boston advices say that the Audubon Society movement against the wearing of birds in women's hats has fallen flat; that the laws which were passed to make feathered hats unpopular have failed in their purpose, and that there is and has lately been an unprecedented demand for wings, heads, quills, and whole birds, large and small. This is not surprising. The average woman takes no interest at all in the fate of birds, and does take a very lively interest in "stylish" hats. When it comes to trimming for a hat, what she wants to know is whether it looks well, whether it is the latest thing, and whether she can afford it. Other considerations are irrelevant. The attempt to quicken her sense of responsibility by pretending to make a guilty hat subject to arrest ought to have failed, and has failed. If we cannot have women and birds in the world together, we must get on without the birds, for the women are indispensable. Perhaps when flying-machines are perfected we shall miss the dear little birds less than we suppose.

The Cuvier Prize of 1500 francs is awarded once in three years, by the Academy of Sciences of the Institute of France, for the most remarkable work either on the animal kingdom or on geology. It is generally esteemed to be the highest honor in natural science, and Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale, to whom it was awarded on December 13, is the third American to receive it. His predecessors were Agassiz and Leidy, and Agassiz hardly counts, because he was a native of Switzerland, and did in Switzerland the special work which won this prize.

Professor Marsh has just made to Yale College one of the most valuable and notable gifts it has ever received. On January 13 it was announced, at a special meeting of the Yale corporation, that he had transferred to the university the whole collection of scientific objects which he has spent a lifetime in getting together. The collection is said to be unmatched except by that of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge. It has a very considerable money value, as appears from the report that $100,000 was offered and refused for six of the specimens which it includes.

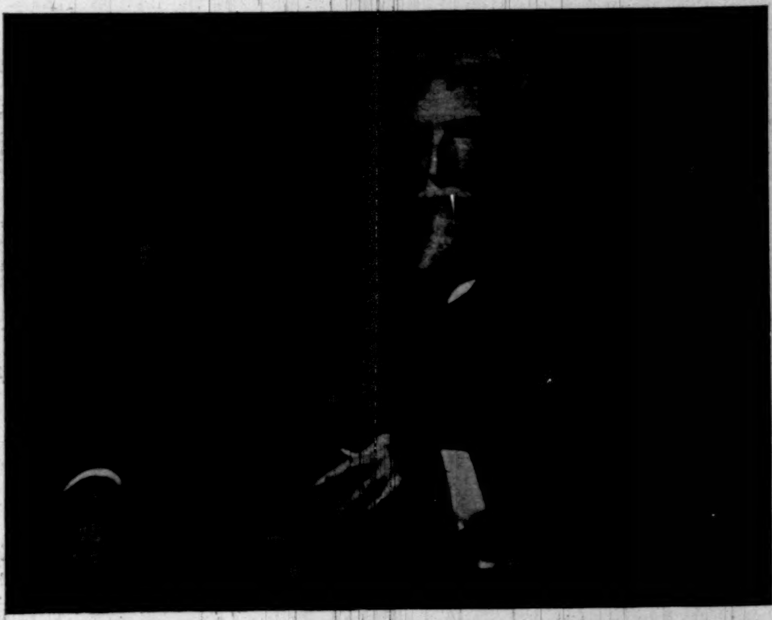
As was noted in the last number of the Weekly, the Board of Overseers of Harvard, at their January meeting, voted to petition the Massachusetts Legislature to extend to graduates of all the Harvard professional schools the right to vote for overseers. It is noted that this request has thus been made while a poll of the Harvard alumni is being taken by letter on this very question. The result of this poll will not be known until February 21, and if it should be adverse to the change proposed, the General Court will have before it two opinions, both influential, and it may reasonably enough decide that it is best not to interfere. The overseers ought to know what action is wise in such a case, and their votes would seem more likely to be guided by information and less by sentiment than those of the alumni in general. Thirteen of the present board favor the change; ten oppose it.

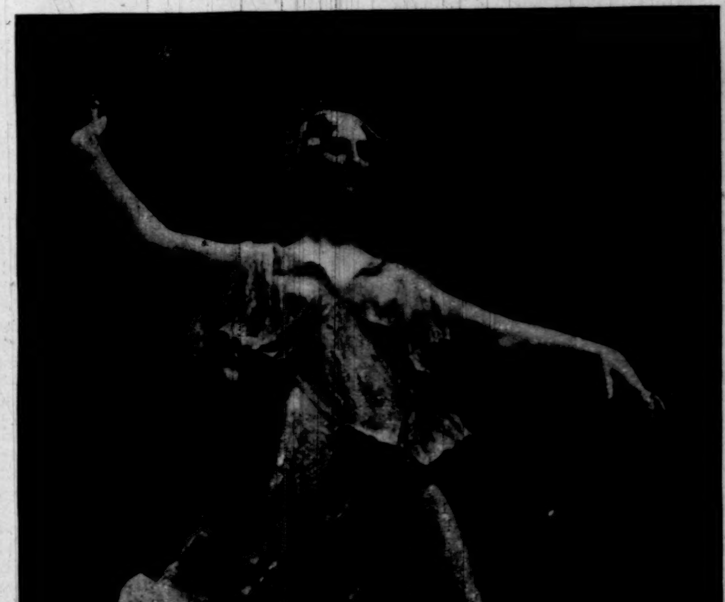
E. S. Martin.



Superstructure of "Massachusetts." "Maine." "New York" (flag-ship). "Indiana." "Iowa."

WINTER MANŒUVRES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET IN THE GULF OF FLORIDA—GREAT-GUN TARGET-PRACTICE.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.





FROM THE SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

By Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.—[See Page 102.]

1. "Mid-day Rest in New England," by J. Alden Weir. 2. "Three Children," by Frank W. Benson. 3. "Mother and Child," by George De Forest Brush. 4. "Portrait of S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.," by Robert W. Vonnoh. 5. "The Toilette," by Mary Cassatt. 6. "The Orchid," by F. Edwin Elwell.

# A WINTER TRIP THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

BY LIEUTENANT ELMER LINDSEY, U. S. A.—ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE Yellowstone National Park is the greatest game-preserve in the world. Its area is 3312½ square miles. It is the home of the last surviving herd of the bison (*Bos americanus*). There are within its borders many elk and black-tailed deer, a goodly number of moose and white-tailed deer, more than a thousand antelope, and some bighorn sheep (*Ovis montana*).

"BEAVER DICK."

Of fur-bearing animals there are bears in great number, from the inoffensive and neighborly little black bear to old "Ephraim," the monster *Horribilis*. Mountain-lions, timber-wolves, coyotes, marten, mink, lynx, wolverene, beaver, otter, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, and gophers are all abundant.

Since the summer of 1886 the Park has been under the local administration of an officer of the regular army, with the title of Acting Superintendent. A military post, under command of the Superintendent, has been established at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the officers and soldiers of the two troops of cavalry stationed here are charged with the protection not only of the natural wonders of the Park, but also of the forests and the game.

The average altitude of the reservation is about eight thousand feet, and the soldiers divide the year into three seasons—July, August, and winter. During one half of the year the only means of travel in the Park is on snow-shoes.

It is estimated that eighty-four per cent. of the reservation is covered with timber. To protect the game in this vast forest, particularly in winter, is a large undertaking. It is facilitated by the maintenance of a series of detached stations, extending from the fort, near the north boundary, in an irregular line to the south boundary. Each station is garrisoned by a sergeant and two or three privates. These men live in log huts, which are stocked early in October with supplies to last until the middle of June. During the winter the men from each station patrol on snow-shoes a certain section of country and guard it from poachers. The stations also furnish shelter and supplies to the scouts and patrols sent out from the fort.

Since the capture of the poacher Howell in the north-east part of the Park, in the spring of 1894, that part of the Park has been free from the ravages of professional and systematic poachers, but off the south part of the west boundary lives a gang of hardy mountain pirates who make a scanty living by hunting, trapping, and fishing.

To these men the buffalo and moose of the Park are an irresistible attraction. Natural poachers, they are banded together and work in concert, completely dominating the sparsely settled section, adjoining the Park, in which they live. Such skilled robbers are they and so minute their knowledge of the country that it is almost impossible to catch them red-handed, and so zealous are they in one another's defence that it is quite impossible to convict them unless so caught. For more than a year they had made a lot of trouble, and it was finally decided to make a sort of turning movement against them—to get in their rear and camp a few days on their line of communications, learning all we could about them and their methods, and making the acquaintance and learning the views of the respectable citizens of their country. It was also desirable that the winter stations be inspected in midwinter by a commissioned officer to see how these isolated and snow-bound troopers live and do their duty.

So it came about that Captain Scott and myself were ordered to proceed by rail to Market Lake, Idaho, thence leisurely to Marysville, the settlement nearest to the south-west corner of the Park, and home on snow-shoes along the line of winter stations, gathering all the useful information we could on the way.

The next day, with our snow-shoes, sleeping-bags, and blanket clothing, we embarked on the Park branch train at Cinnabar, and at Livingston, Montana, changed to the main line of the Northern Pacific.

At Butte City, the famous mining-camp, we changed to the Utah Northern branch of the Union Pacific, which soon whirled us southward into Idaho. By the time we had crossed the continental divide at Monida, on the boundary between Montana and Idaho, it was too dark to see much of the little Mormon settlements as we rushed through them, and about eleven o'clock P. M. the train halted at Market Lake.

"What do you expect to do with those things?" said the night operator, as we stumbled over the dark platform personally to receive our skis at the door of the baggage-car.

Shipping skis uncrated in a baggage-car is agonizing and expensive. It requires personal attention, and a liberal tip at every transfer to counteract the terrible temptation which their upturned and unprotected "noses" offer to the baggage-smasher. But at last we had them safely at the end of the railway journey, and commending them to the tenderest care of the agent, we allowed ourselves to be guided to the hotel by an enterprising liveryman, who was anxious to serve us on the morrow.

Market Lake by daylight is a sufficiently dismal little place, lost in the broad alkali valley of Snake River. Its only excuse for existing is that the few inhabitants got stuck in the mud and could not get any farther. Besides the station there is a post-office, a store, a hotel, a saloon, and two livery-stables, but no market and no lake—hence the name.

Our plan was to go up the river, on our skis, to the south-west corner of the Park; but a recent Chinook had turned the snow into mud, so we negotiated with our friend of the night before to haul us and our snow-shoes and sleeping-bags to Rexburg, twenty-four miles on the way. The day was pleasant, and we relieved the monotony of the drive by shooting at coyotes with our pistols. This amused us and did not hurt the coyotes. In fact, they seemed to enjoy it, for they would cross and re-cross the road, then sit down and laugh at us as we drove past, all the time keeping just out of effective range.

We reached Rexburg in time for lunch, and met with a most inhospitable reception; for, as our driver pulled up in front of the so-called hotel, two men rushed out and warned him, in terms more forcible than polite, to "keep off the sidewalk," under penalty of five dollars fine.

This both surprised and puzzled us, for, to our unaccustomed and Gentile eyes, there was no sidewalk in sight. From the dilapidated fence opposite, to the very threshold of the "hotel," stretched an uninterrupted sea of mud, which we soon learned did not stop at the threshold, but extended into and through the "hotel." By hurriedly backing the team into the middle of the road we avoided the fine, but later we urged the Mayor—they call him "Bishop" in these Mormon settlements—that it would be only fair to post, for the guidance of innocent strangers, some sign to indicate where the road leaves off and the "sidewalk" begins.

The broad valley from Market Lake to the corner of the National Park is settled almost entirely by Mormons; but here at Rexburg these Latter-day Saints are in evidence in all their pristine purity.

The country is very fertile, and they manage with little work to raise enough wheat and potatoes to feed their large families (the average number of children in a family is seven), and beyond this they have little ambition. They "go to meeting" regularly, send their children to school when there is any, pay their tithing in wheat, potatoes, or hay when they have it to spare, and have a dance once a week. These dances are held at the meeting-house, and are presided over by the "Bishop," who opens and closes the function with prayer.

We engaged passage for the next day in the rickety, dirty Mormon stage-wagon, propelled by as sorry-looking a pair of broncos as I ever saw in harness, but cheerfully advertised as "a complete new outfit especially adapted for the convenience and comfort of travellers."

Soon after lunch we left Rexburg, without a regret, and when near Wilford we had a view of the Tetons that would have delighted Moran. We were in the middle of the broad flat bottom of the Snake River. It was a gray day, and in the distant horizon it was difficult to separate the snow-clad peaks from their vale of mist. The dull brown meadows, striped with yellow stubble-fields, and dotted with little Mormon cabins of the same dingy brown, stretched away to the east for sixty miles. There a dense bank of leaden clouds hid the mountain from view, but a little above the horizon it was cleft by a horizontal seam only a few degrees wide, through which we saw a short section of the three Teton peaks. It was very near their summits. The rugged outline was softened by their garb of perpetual snow, and the whole made dazzlingly brilliant by the afternoon sun. Standing seven thousand feet above us, they seemed to rise from the same leaden mass of clouds into which they disappeared, and their sparkling snowy brightness seemed in no sense a part of the sombre landscape, but rather a glimpse of another and a brighter world—a brilliant diamond in a setting of lead. We were getting hungry, and perhaps a trifle homesick, by this time.

As the tough broncos trotted through the mud, and the dirty canvas curtains flapped about our ears, our beautiful picture slowly dissolved, and faded almost imperceptibly into the general grayness, and we turned for comfort and solace to St. Anthony and supper, now in the near foreground.

Stopping at the neat little brick hotel, we were hospitably welcomed and entertained by the landlord, Mr. White. We soon sat down to a substantial hot supper, and, among other good things, we had native trout caught on a fly hook that day.

Mr. White is one of those gray-haired youngsters who will never grow old, probably because he perennially renews his youth by a month in the mountains, camping out, hunting, and fishing. He is a thorough sportsman—bluff, whole-souled, and hearty. Our skis and camping outfit were an open sesame to his heart and house, and over our cigars we exchanged with him many experiences in camp, and adventures of hunting and fishing.

The next morning I rode nine miles to "Hog Hollow" to visit my venerable friend Beaver Dick. The Beaver easily ranks as the oldest "Man of the Mountains," in this section of the country at least. He was born in Wales, and came to America when a child. He first smelled powder in a Pennsylvania coal-mine, where he gratified his boyish curiosity and lost his front teeth by investigating an unexploded charge. Since then he has never been pretty, but has had "a heap more sense." In 1846 he ran away and went to the Mexican war. Too small to carry a gun, he was employed as General Harney's servant, and soon earned the sobriquet of "General Harney's little red imp." After the war he drifted north along the Rocky Mountains, acting as scout, guide, and messenger for the government, and hunting, fishing, and trapping by himself and with the Indians. He was a pupil and companion of the famous Jim Bridger, and called him uncle. He was named Beaver by the Bannock chief Tahgee, not from any unusual propensity for work, but from the peculiar appearance of his teeth, the cuspids having grown to an abnormal length after the loss of his incisors.

Sometime in the sixties he took a Sioux squaw, who bore him seven children, but in 1876 he lost the whole family within two weeks from small-pox. Not discouraged by this disaster, he soon after took a Bannock wife, and now they have three children.

The visit to his home was well worth my short pilgrimage. Half concealed among the cottonwoods, at the head of a little meadow, sheltered by the bluffs on either side of Teton River, stands his rude and dilapidated cabin—a typical Indian camp. Teepee-poles, pack-saddles, and some old elk and moose heads are scattered about, and dogs and ponies sun themselves about the door. Inside, the furnishings are rude and scanty. A rough puncheon table, a few stools, one rocking-chair, sundry guns and belts, some frying-pans, a stone fireplace, and a few odd table utensils, together with a broad bunk in one corner, seem to be all that he and his family need or desire. I found the family just ready for their mid-day meal, and promptly accepted the invitation to assist. After dinner I smoked the pipe of peace with the old Beaver, and talked over last autumn's experiences in the mountains, and laid plans for a trip next fall after bighorn.

Thoroughly Indian in his habits and surroundings, he still retains the instincts of his own race. Though bent by time and toil, he is still, at sixty-four, hale and hearty, and, as I discovered last fall, can ride as far in a day as I want to. His eye is keen, and his aim at an elk as quick and sure as it was thirty years ago at a "hostile." He has lived in sight of the Teton Peaks so long that no one

WADING AN ICY STREAM.

now alive remembers when he came there, and in regard to the haunts and habits of the game of that region he is undisputed authority.

Eighteen miles northeast from St. Anthony lies the little settlement of Marysville. Here the road ends and the real snow-shoe trip began. From here to the soldier's station on Snake River in the southern part of the Park is a stretch of sixty miles without a human habitation. With good shoeing we expected to make it in three days, and of course whatever of food, bedding, or other necessities we had must be carried on our backs. We had never been through the Falls River Pass, and would have to travel by map and compass. Before starting on this trip we concluded to make a side trip to a trapper's cabin on Warm River. This is close to the west boundary of the Park, and we wanted to get information from the trapper about the big game in that part of the preserve. From the native "Saints" we easily obtained a large and varied fund of information as to the exact location of the cabin. No one had ever been there, but each knew just where it was, and they placed it on either side of the river, and all the way from five to twelve miles from the mouth. At Marysville there was two and one-half feet of snow, at the mouth of Warm River we found five, and at the trapper's cabin, nine miles further, there was a little more than seven feet. In the timber it was very loose and soft on top, and my nine-and-one-half-foot skis let me in half-way to the knees. This made tremendous hard shoeing, and though the mercury must have been below zero, we were more than warm enough.

Shortly after sundown the precipitous bluffs and overhanging snow-drifts forced us to cross to the other side. The river was entirely free from ice, about forty yards wide, and not very cold. Selecting a riffle where it seemed about knee-deep, we removed our overshoes, German socks, and stockings, and turned our trousers up above the knees. Then shouldering our skis, and cautiously feeling our way over the rocks with the ski-pole, we reached the opposite bank without accident. It was a snow bank seven feet high, and we had to break it down with the ski-pole before we could climb out. Wow! but it was cold, and soft and fleecy, and stuck to our bare wet feet and legs, and made them blue and numb. We sat down on our skis and dressed as quickly as possible, and when we again mounted the skis the fast-gathering darkness and the fact that we had no rations, blankets, nor axe, were not our only incentives to a rapid gait.

We were not lost, but the cabin was.

A half-hour of brisk work was just beginning to send the blood tingling through our numbed feet, when we caught the welcome odor of a fat pine fire, mingled with the aroma of a pipe of fragrant tobacco, and soon our hearty shout brought the trapper to his door. A typical old mountaineer we found him, hairy, happy, and hospitable, and he gave us a cordial welcome and the best that his little cabin afforded. After a prodigious supper of coffee, venison, and "sour-dough" bread, we dried our clothing by his fireplace, and smoked and listened to his stories until nine o'clock. He insisted on our using his bunk, while he slept on the floor. A hardy and whole-souled set are these prospectors and trappers. Simple in habit and thought, their wants are few and easily supplied. Living in the solitude of the forest, they get very near to Nature's heart, and possess a simple grandeur of character which is seldom met with in this nineteenth-century civilization. Living almost entirely upon wild meat, I have never yet known one of them to kill a bird or game animal but for food; but they recognize no right in a law that forbids them killing enough for their wants at any season of the year. We learned something of old Bob Vaux's history—how last spring he had sold his interest in a mine which he had discovered, and had a glorious time during the week that the money lasted, and that he was now trapping for a "grub-stake," to enable him to work next summer on a copper prospect which he had recently located. He accompanied us back to Marysville, and volunteered to go with us on our trip as far as the station on Snake River, which offer we gladly accepted. The next day we were treated to a blizzard, in token of what we might expect if we ventured across this frontier of civilization; and we spent the whole day in the little Mormon cabin, making preparations for a start on the morrow.

Our slender hickory skis were the admiration of the natives, and as unlike the cumbersome pine boards which they use as a thoroughbred racer is unlike a bronco. Their leather stirrups were carefully looked to, and the bottoms waxed and polished smooth as glass. A screw-driver, a few screws, and plenty of good leather strings were stowed away in our pack, in case repairs became necessary. For bedding we each had a fur-lined canvas sleeping-bag weighing ten pounds. A small frying-pan, a tin cup, a tomato-can with wire bail, a sheath-knife, and a small hatchet were also necessary. The rest of our load consisted of flour, salt, yeast-powder, tea, and bacon, and each of us wore a revolver and carried plenty of matches. Truly a Spartan outfit; but even twenty-five pounds on one's back grows very heavy towards the end of a long day's journey.

We wore German socks and overshoes, flannel shirts, leather jackets, and Mackinaw coats, with warm caps and big mittens.

Our first day's march was to a deserted cabin sixteen miles away, called the Reising cabin. There was only six inches of soft snow on top of the crust, and Bob was sure we could haul our load easier than we could pack it. So we negotiated with a youthful "Saint" for a "sheboygan," as they call it—a light hand-sled, the runners made from an old pair of skis—and on to this we lashed all our impedimenta—about eighty pounds. We got a lift in a lumber-sleigh for the first five miles, then Bob harnessed himself to the "sheboygan," and we started gayly across the rolling prairie towards the timbered foot-hills. At first Bob easily pulled the "sheboygan," as he insisted on calling it, as fast as one of us could break trail.

CAVALRY OFFICERS INSPECTING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK IN WINTER.

As we entered the timber the snow rapidly grew deeper on top, and Bob and I had to work tandem on the toboggan; and presently we reached a steepish hill, where the combined efforts of all three failed to budge it. It sank down until the deck dragged and pushed great masses of snow in front of it. Those long, narrow, smooth-bottomed skis have a wonderful propensity for going down hill, but it requires a lot of skilful coaxing to get them up a hill. Bob said: "—— the skis! They're worse than a Mormon elder for backsliding!" To add to our discomfort, it began to snow. Bob finally dismounted and pulled the toboggan up on foot, while we carried his skis. This was very slow and laborious, for about every tenth step he would break through the crust and wallow waist-deep in the snow.

It was quite dark when, tired out and hungry as wolves, we reached the cabin. We found it occupied temporarily by an old Mormon named Billy Shepherd, who had come out from Marysville with his son to pass a week or so in hunting and trapping. Of course they had a fire and sufficient dry wood for the night. They had a large dog trained to haul a toboggan, and as they had come out before the blizzard, and while the snow was hard on top, they had brought several days' rations of flour and tea. They had killed an elk near the cabin, and had plenty of fresh meat. They also had a full-grown axe, two frying-pans, and a teapot—luxuries pertaining to a permanent camp. The cabin seemed very comfortable. There was a good fireplace, and the dirt floor was dry, if not very soft.

While the young man cut some steaks of elk meat, the father fried flapjacks and brewed tea, and soon, by the light of the fire, we were enjoying such a supper as only hungry snow-shoe tourists can appreciate. After supper and a restful pipe or two, we were glad to turn in. Next day we rested in the cabin, hoping that the new snow would settle, and perhaps crust hard enough to bear the toboggan.

Our acquaintance with "Old Shep," as he is called, progressed rapidly, and, besides all his family history, he told us that he knew all the country ahead of us to the top of the divide, and within eighteen miles of the soldier's station, and he finally offered to guide us that far on our way. There is a blazed trail all the way, and freight-wagons have been run over it, but now even the blazes were covered by snow. "Old Shep" knew of a cached cabin near the ford of Bechler River, built by poachers in the palmy days when poaching in that part of the Park was uninterrupted, and we decided to make that our next camping-place. As Shepherd expected a neighbor's son up next day with more grub, it was finally decided that Bob, Shepherd, and myself should start for the cabin next morning, and that the following day Bob and I should make a circle into Falls River meadows looking for big game, while Shepherd would try to build a raft on which we could cross the Bechler. The Captain and young Shepherd were to come on and join us the second night at the cabin, bringing more rations. We were off at daylight. Bob carried his blanket and about twenty pounds of flour. I had my sleeping-bag, pistol, and hatchet, and some other small things; and Shepherd put his blanket, the bacon, frying-pan, etc., on his toboggan, and harnessed in old Don, the faithful collie. Presently it began to snow; or, rather, we struck the edge of the snow-storm, for I think it had been snowing there for the last month, and I have no doubt it is snowing there yet.

We travelled across a rolling country covered with jack-pines and dotted here and there with open parks. The freshly fallen snow was so loose that we sank almost knee-deep. Bob and I took turns in breaking trail. The old man had about all he could do to follow us, and the good "Donald" brought up the rear with his sledge. The dog had the heaviest load of any one in the party, and the judgment and sagacity with which he managed steep hill-sides and jack-pines were remarkable. He worked very willingly, and seemed proud of his job.

After a half-hour of trail-breaking I would fall back, winded, and dripping with perspiration, then Bob would break trail for a half-hour. We were unable to follow the road, though both Bob and Shepherd had been over it many times in summer. The air was so full of snow we could not see the mountain-peaks ahead, so we had to travel by compass. About four o'clock we struck Rock Creek, and Shepherd knew "where he was at." We were at least five miles from the cached cabin, and about twelve from the one we had left in the morning. A brief council of war revealed a unanimity of opinion that we could not reach the cabin before dark, and could not find it after dark. We were very tired, and old Don's tongue was dragging in the snow. So we concluded to make camp while it was yet light. The little creek was entirely frozen up, but there was plenty of snow for tea. We selected a big tree near a grove of dry pine poles, and hanging our packs in the lower limbs, we unharnessed Donald and proceeded to make ourselves at home. After some difficulty we started a fire in the snow, and while the old man tried to cook supper, Bob and I busied ourselves in felling the dry poles with the hatchet and packing them in on our snow-shoes. Mr. Don coiled himself up on a bit of canvas as close to the fire as he could get, and never stirred till supper was ready.

Here we realized the mistake we had made in not bringing an axe, though it is much heavier and more awkward to pack; for felling dry trees with a hatchet is slow and dangerous, and I narrowly missed cutting my knee by a glancing blow. Yet the old man seemed to have the worst end of the bargain. Even a Chinaman would have been puzzled to cook supper under those conditions. First he melted snow in the frying-pan and filled the tin cup and tomato-can with water. Then he fried some bacon, and stacked it on the end of one of the dry poles which we had brought in. Then, setting the frying-pan in the snow to cool, he unpacked the sack of flour, set it on a pine bough to keep it out of the snow, and scooped out a hollow in the flour, into which he put yeast-powder

SUPPER AFTER THE PLAY, AT THE NEW DE

Y DELMONICO'S.—Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

and salt, then poured in the water, and proceeding in a very knowing way, he soon had a big lump of dough. Scraping the grease out of the frying-pan, he saved it carefully on a chip, and was then ready to bake his bread in the frying-pan. This was the hardest part, for the fire had settled some four or five feet into the soft snow, and he had to keep stamping snow to keep down to a level with it, and it was out of the question to get a bed of live coals in a snow bank. By dark we had enough dry wood to last all night. Then we dug little trenches, leading back from the big and constantly deepening hole which the fire had made, and sat down on heaps of fir boughs to eat supper. We alternately ate baked flapjacks, and melted snow to replenish the "teapot," and it was nearly nine o'clock when our hunger and thirst were finally appeased; and from then until four in the morning we smoked our pipes, cut wood, and punched the fire. When not at work I sat in my sleeping-bag, for I had no other wrap, and my clothes were so wet with perspiration that I felt chilly on the "off side," no matter how often I turned about. I fell asleep several times, and must have slept in all nearly an hour. We did not dare let one another sleep more than fifteen minutes at a time, for fear of any of them freezing to death.

At four o'clock we began getting breakfast (the menu was the same as for supper), and by daylight were ready to pack up and leave this inhospitable camp. Our fire had gotten to the ground by this time, so the bread-baking was easier, but the hole was so deep that we could not see out.

During the night it had ceased snowing, but shortly after daylight it began again, and soon the air was literally full of fine soft snow.

At eleven o'clock we struck a little park, and a big tree that old Shepherd recognized, and for the first time since leaving camp he knew exactly where we were. Pointing into the timber, he said, "The cabin is right in there, and not over three-quarters of a mile away." We travelled a mile, then changed the course, and came out at the river. The old man was stampeded, tired out, and disgusted. He swore heartily, "couldn't see how he came to miss it," and finally declared that he would not attempt to guide us anywhere in such a storm.

The river ran black, but entirely open, and about forty yards wide, between overhanging banks of snow from ten to fifteen feet high. It was nearly waist-deep, and the prospect of undressing and wading it, and trying to climb out into the snow bank opposite, was anything but inviting.

The first thing, however, was to find the cabin, where the rest of the party were to join us that night. As they had a good trail to follow, we judged they would get in all right. So, after some lunch, we circled back, and this time, by good luck, we struck the little lake, on the bank of which the cabin was located. Even then Shepherd was so bewildered by the storm that he was uncertain which way the cabin lay. So, skirting the edge of the lake, we finally discovered it, and thought our troubles were over for one night at least. We soon learned our mistake.

The cabin was simply a big crib of logs with a roof over it, and a hole about three by four feet where a door should have been. The snow bank on which we stood was level with the eaves, and we took off our skis and slid into the cabin like so many beavers—only in the reverse position. The ground inside was covered with snow. There was no fireplace, but a square hole in the roof through which the smoke was supposed to escape. With a ski-pole we pushed a hole through the snowdrift that covered it to a depth of six feet, then cleared the snow from the door as well as we could, and while Bob went back to cut the trail and prevent the Captain from following our wanderings, we busied ourselves with felling dry trees for wood and bringing in boughs to sleep on, and before this was completed the other party came in with another dog and toboggan. Cooking supper was even more difficult than it was the night before, for as soon as the fire was started under the hole the snow melted and ran down in big streams that sizzled with the bacon in the frying-pan and threatened to extinguish the fire. Soon we were obliged to move the fire to one side, and then the smoke would not go through the hole, but filled the cabin so thick that one could shoot a hole in it. It seemed as though we could never get enough tea and flapjacks to go around, and as soon as our hunger and thirst were satisfied we crawled into the sleeping-bags, and I was asleep almost before my first pipe was finished. Our beds were quite comfortable, and by taking turns in keeping fire we each got considerable sleep.

In the morning it was still snowing big feathery flakes, which filled all the air. We held a council of war, and the guides refused to go any further. In the first place, there was the river to cross, with its high banks of snow on either side. To build a raft with only our hatchet would take a whole day; to take off our clothes and wade would be a little dangerous, and a great deal disagreeable, since one would have to stand in the water waist-deep and break down with a ski-pole a place to get out on the opposite side. Once across the river, and we had thirty miles of trackless country to cross before reaching the station. This would take us three days at best in this storm of soft snow, with a good chance of getting lost. We had scant one day's rations left, so we were reluctantly forced to admit the wisdom of the guides' view. It was absolutely useless to look for game in such a snow-storm, so we decided to return as rapidly as possible, before the trail we had broken coming up should be obliterated.

By a forced march we reached the Reising cabin that night. The last bit of bacon disappeared for supper, and, as Shepherd's friend, who came up the day we left, had hauled the remainder of the elk meat home, we breakfasted the next morning on tea and flapjacks. We made the return trip to Marysville in a day, and returned to the fort the same way we had come.

We had been unable to carry out our orders to inspect the winter stations, but had gained a lot of experience which falls to the lot of but few cavalry officers, and had secured much valuable information, besides frightening our poacher friends by appearing when least expected, and from a new direction.

We found upon arriving home that two of the men from Snake River station had been caught out in the blizzard at the same time that we were trying to reach their station. They got lost, and staid out all night, suffering horribly. One of them froze his feet so badly that he had to come into the fort, being hauled part of the way on a toboggan. He was in the hospital for several weeks as a result of this blizzard, and nearly lost the toes of one foot.

We had scouted in the Park on foot and on horseback, had fought forest fires and swam rivers, hunted poachers and been hunted by poachers, and while this was not our first trip on snow-shoes, yet without this particular trip our experience would have been very incomplete.

We are waiting now for a flying-machine agent to come our way.

UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN AT ONE OF THE SOLDIER STATIONS IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

## THE GREAT YALE-HARVARD GAME OF 1902.

### A Football Forecast.

I.

"THIS is no ordinary crisis," said the president. "The university is being swamped. Students from all parts of the country have crowded in on us year after year in numbers so rapidly increasing that, already greatly embarrassed, we are threatened with the gravest complications. No student, as you know, pays the university more than half the cost of his training. Our resources, strained five years ago to the extreme limit of their capacity, have each year since fallen more and more short of the demands made on them. Another defeat in football will bring down upon us further hordes of youth hungry for culture. As you know, two years ago I withdrew my objections to legislative interference, and suffered the Massachusetts General Court to pass an anti-football bill. When the Governor vetoed it on the ground that there were too many enthusiasts in the world anyhow, and that football didn't dispose of half enough of them, my last hope of legislative relief was killed. Unless the eleven can win the game with Yale this year, and divert some part of our annual increase to New Haven, measures will have to be taken which it is most repulsive to me to contemplate. Do your best, Duval. Do a great deal better than your best. You must win this year—you really must!"

"Dr. Eliot," replied the football captain, shifting the bandage on his head so that one eye was partly uncovered, "you know the situation. You know what sort of football material we are getting. What good are all those platoons of grinds to football? Since the broken pieces of Keene's spectacles were driven into his eyes two years ago the near-sighted men have refused to play. Out of the remaining rump I have gathered what I could. The repairs on last year's team have gone on so slowly, and are still so far from complete, that our reliance must be almost wholly on raw players. Melledge is left, but the eight ribs he broke last year compel him to wear a steel jacket, which is stiff and heavy, and handicaps him. Still, the utmost has been done, and the coachers have a new stratagem that they seem to think well of, and which is now being perfected in the laboratory."

"I am sure, Duval, you will do your best."

"Thank you, doctor."

"And if you fall, your name shall go on the new football tablet in Memorial Hall."

II.

It was a great spectacle. The Soldiers' Field had never seen a throng quite so mighty. On the seats around the gridiron tumultuous myriads ranged. Close by, the long row of waiting hearses and ambulances lent intensity to the landscape. In the permanent field-hospital, lately given to the college by Congressman Roosevelt, the surgeons were arranging their instruments and laying bandages out. In the Carey Athletic House the eleven were parting from friends and relatives, not all of whom could keep back their tears. The parents of Duval and his aged grandmother had come from Dubuque to bid him farewell. They were a Spartan group. "Do your duty, Harry," cried the brave father. His mother kissed him, but she could not speak. The grandmother patted his cheek with a wrinkled hand. Age has few tears, but they are costly.

Yale was strong on the benches. Her continuous athletic triumphs had kept down her registration to a number well within her means. She was very prosperous. Her professors' salaries had all been raised. Her students, now largely drawn from the leisure and sporting classes, were for the most part in easy circumstances, and had come on in considerable force to back their team. A great roar greeted the players as they came on the field, and as the ball rolled out upon the gridiron and the whistle of the referee shrilled on the air, the drivers of the hearses and ambulances stood all alert and ready to draw the blankets from their horses.

It was nearing the end of the second half. In the first half neither side had scored, but the execution had been terrific. The Harvard group of substitutes, which had numbered thirty at the start, had dwindled down to three. Weeping players had been led off the field by dozens, the ambulance horses were dripping with sweat, and only one of the hearses was left. Yale had made one touch-down in the second half, and the score was 4 to 0 in her favor. A group of Harvard assistant professors and instructors sat together watching the game with pitiable anxiety. Many sympathetic glances were directed toward them, for it was well known that if Yale won, the necessity of increasing the teaching force at Harvard would compel a sweeping reduction in all salaries not provided by specific funds. Of the eleven with which Harvard had begun the game only the veterans Duval and Melledge were left. Three times the rest of the team had been replaced with fresh men. Ten fleeting minutes were left. Suddenly a signal from Duval was followed by quick and curious movements by four players. In an instant a dark, clinging, vapor enveloped the referee and his assistant spotters, obscuring their view, and causing them to gasp and cough. It lasted but the fraction of a minute, but in that instant a well-directed kick from Duval had caught the mighty Higginbotham, the great Yale half-back, just below the ribs, and stretched his huge form inanimate upon the earth. Simultaneously and by analogous means four other Yale players had been instantly disabled, and Melledge, the ball hugged against his glittering corselet, was speeding, with Duval at his elbow, across an almost open field toward the Yale goal-posts. Thompson, who tried to stop him, was struck full amidships by the head of Duval travelling with immense velocity, thrown sixteen feet, and left a palpitating mass incapable of sense or motion. Duval himself went down, but the touch-down was made directly behind the goal-posts. The enthusiasm of the crowd was stupendous, and when one of the surviving Cabots kicked an easy goal, the firmament was rent with shouting, and nearly half an acre of Harvard benches dripped with unrestrainable tears.

There were but three minutes left, and the Yale team, groggy and demoralized, could barely hold its own, and almost immediately were led weeping from the field. Duval's neck was found to have been broken by his impassioned meeting with Thompson, but his funeral was the largest and most enthusiastic that Cambridge ever saw, and the statue of him by St. Gaudens promises to keep fresh in the minds of future generations the precious memory of the devoted soul who checked the stampede of learners towards Harvard, and saved that good old nursery of learning and true sport from being overwhelmed.

E. S. M.

# THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A HERO CARRIES WATER IN THE SUN.

WITH all which adventuring and bepraisement back and forth, as those who know nineteen will readily be assured, I went home no little elated. For had I not come without dishonor through a new and remarkable experience, and even defied the Mystery of the White Wolf, at perhaps more risk to myself than at the time I had imagined? For, as I found afterwards, there were those among the company at the Swan that night of sterner mould and more serious make than Michael Texel.

But, at all events, home to the Red Tower I strode, whistling, and in a very cocksure humor.

The little Helene was going about her house duties silently and distantly when I came down from my turret room on the forenoon of the morrow. She did not come forward to be kissed, as had been her wont every morning ever since I carried her, a little forlorn maid, up to mine own bed that chill winter's night.

"A good-morrow, Little Playmate!" I bade her, gayly. For my heart was singing a good tune, well pleased with itself, and willing to be at amity with every one else—counting, indeed, as is the wont of brisk hearts, a gloomy face little less than a personal insult.

But the maid did not answer; neither, indeed, did she seem to have heard me.

"I bade you fair good-morning, Helene," said I again, stopping in my walk across to my breakfast platter.

But still she was silent, casting sand upon the tiled floor, and sweeping it up with great vigor, all her fair body swaying and yielding to the grace of movement at every stroke. Strange, it seemed she was now just about the age when I developed those nodosities of knee and elbow which troubled me so sore, but yet there was nothing of the kind about her, only delicate slimness and featly rounded grace.

I went over to her, and would have set my palm affectionately on her shoulder. But she escaped, just as a bird does when you try to put your hand upon it. It does not seem to fly off. It simply is not there when your hand reaches the place.

"Let be," she said, looking upon me haughtily. "By what right do you seek to touch me, sir?"

"Sweetheart," said I, following her, and much astonished, "because I have always done it, and you never objected before."

"When I was a child, and when you loved me as a child, it was well. But now, when I am neither a child nor yet do you love me, I would have you cease to treat me as you have done."

"You are indeed no longer a child, but the fairest of sweet maids," I made answer. "I will do nothing you do not wish me to do. For, hearken to me, Helene, my heart is bound up in you, as indeed you know. But as to the second word of accusation—that I do not love you any more—"

"You do not—you cannot!" she interrupted; "or you would not go out with Michael Texel all night to drinking-places and worse, keeping your father and those that *do* love awake, hurting their hearts here" (she put her hand on her side); "and all for what?—that you may drink and revel and run into danger with your true friends."

"Sweetheart—" I began, penitently.

The Little Playmate made a gesture of infinite impatience.

"Do not call me that," she said; "you have no right. I am not your sweetheart. You have no heart at all to love any one with, or you would not behave as you have done lately. You are naught but a silly, selfish boy, that cares for nothing but his own applause, and thinks that he has nothing to do but to come home when his high mightiness is ready and find us all on our knees before him, saying, 'Put your foot, great sir, on our necks—so shall we be happy and honored.'"

Now this was so perilously near the truth that I was mightily incensed, and I felt that I did well to be angry.

"Girl," I said, grandly, "you do not know what you say. I have been abroad all night on the service of the State, and I have discovered a most dangerous conspiracy at the peril of my life!"

For I thought it was as well to put the best face on the matter; and, besides, I have never been able, all the days of me, to hide my light under a bushel, as the clerks prate about.

But I was not yet done with my adventuring of this eventful day. And in spite of my father setting me like a misbehaving bairn to the drudgery of the water-carrying, there was more in life for me that day than merely hauling upon a handle. For that is a thing which galls an aspiring youth worse than any other labor, being so terribly monotonous.

As for me, I did not take kindly to it at all—not even though I could see mine own image deep in the pails of water as they came up brimming and cool out of the fern-grown dripping darkness of the well. Aye, and though the image given back to me was (I say it only of that time) a likely enough picture of a lad, with short, crisped locks that curled whenever they were wet, cheeks like apples, and skin that hath always been a trouble to me. For I thought it unmanly and like a girl's. And that same skin of mine is perhaps the reason why all my days I never could abide your buttermilk-and-roses girls, having a supply about me enough to serve a dozen, and therefore thinking but little of their stock in trade.

Now in the Wolfmark this is the common kind of beauty—not that beauty of any kind is over-common. For our maids—especially those of the country—look too much as if they had been made out of wooden pillows, such as laborers use to lay their heads on of nights—one large bolster set on the top of two other little ones, and all three well wadded with ticking and feathers. But I hope no one will go back to the Wolfmark and tell the maids that Hugo Gottfried said this of them, or of a surety my left ear will tingle with the running of their tongues, if there be any truth in the old saw.

It was three of the clock, and the sun was very fierce on the dusty unslaked yard of the Wolfsberg, glaring down upon us like the mouth of a wide smelter's oven. Fat Fritz, the porter, in his arm-chair of a cell, was wellnigh dissolved into lard and running out at his own door. The Playmate's window was open, and I caught the waft of a fan to and fro. I judged therefore that my lady knew well that I was working out there in the heat, and was glad of it—being a spiteful pretty minx.

Then I began to wonder who had given her that fan, for it was not like my father to do it, and she knew no other. "Ah!" I said to myself, as a thought struck me, "could it possibly be Michael Texel? He is rich, and Helene may have known him before. The cunning, dark-eyed little vagabond, to take my introduction yester-even as if she had never set eyes on the fellow before, while here it is as clear as daylight that he had all the time been giving her presents—fans and such like!"

So I raved within me, half because I believed it, and half because she seemed so comfortable up there, with her feet on a stool, and a cool jug of curds at her elbow, while I sweated and labored in the sun.

Very decidedly it must be Texel; devil fly up with him and scratch him among the gargoyles of the minster!

The fan wagged on. It looked distractingly cool within. But then my father—filial obedience was very distinctly a duty; and also Gottfried Gottfried, though kind, was a man not to be disobeyed—even at nineteen, and after defying the White Wolf.

It was, as I have said, about three by the sun-dial on the wall, the arch of which cast a shadow like jet on the scale, that my father came out through the narrow door from the Judgment Hall, opening it with his own key. For he had the right of entrance and outgoing of every

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door in the palace, not even excepting the bedchamber of Duke Casimir.

"Hugo," he said, "come hither, lad. I did not mean to keep you so long at work in the sun. You must have filled all the cisterns in the place by this time!"

I thanked him sincerely, but did not pursue the subject. For, indeed, I had not worked quite so hard as in his haste my father had supposed from my appearance.

"Go within," he said; "don quickly your saint's-day dress, and betake yourself down to the house of Master Gerard von Sturm, the city chamberlain, and tell him all that he asks of you—readily and truly."

"But, father," said I, "suppose he asks of me that which might condemn one who has trusted me, what am I to say?"

"Tut, boy!" said the father, impatiently; "you mean young Michael Texel. Fear not for him. He was the first to inform. He was at Master von Sturm's by eight this morning, elbowing half a dozen others, all burning and shining lights of the famous Society of the White Wolf. You are the hero of the day down there, it seems."

"And, lo! here I am flouted by a stripling girl, and set to carry water by the hour in the broiling sun!" I said within myself. I possessed, however, though without doubt a manifest hero, far too much of the unheroic quality of discretion to say this aloud to my father.

"I thank you, sir," I said, respectfully. "I will go at once and put on my finest coat and my shoes of silk."

My father smiled.

"You need not be particular as to the silk shoes. 'Tis to see Master von Sturm, not to court pretty Mistress Ysolinde, that I asked you to visit the lawyer's house by the Weiss Thor."

But I was not sorry to be able to proclaim my destination as loud as I dared without causing suspicion.

"Hanne," I cried down the turret stairs, "I pray you bring me the silken shoes with the ribbon bows of silk. I am going down to Master von Sturm's house. Also my gold chain, and bonnet of blue velvet with the golden feather in it which I won at the last arrow-shooting."

I saw the fluttering of the fan falter and stop. A light foot went pattering up the stairway and a door slammed in the tower.

Then I laughed, like the vain, silly boy I was.

"Mistress Helene," I said to myself, "you will find poor Hugo, whom you flouted and despised, can yet pay his debts."

So I put on the fine clothes which I wore on festal days and sallied forth. Now, though the lower orders still hated my father and all that came out of the Red Tower—or indeed, for the matter of that, out of the Wolfsberg—with hardly concealed malice, yet there were many in the city, specially among those of the upper classes, who began to think well of my determination to try another way of life than that to which I had been born. For I made no secret of them atter to Michael Texel and such of his comrades as joined us in our gatherings.

Indeed, now, when I come to think of it, it seems to me that my father was the only person of my acquaintance who did not suspect that I was resolved never to wear either the black robe of Inquisition or the crimson of Final Judgment.

Yet it wore round to within two years, and indeed rather less, of the time for my initiation into the mysteries of the Red Axe, and still I remained at home, an idle boy, playing at single-stick and fence with the men-at-arms, drinking beer in the evening with my bosom cronies, and, in the well-grounded opinion of all honest people, likely enough to come to no good.

But I, Hugo Gottfried, had my eyes and my books open, and knew that I was but biding my time.

So it came about that I carried no taint of the dread associations of the Wolfsberg about me as I went down the bustling street to the Weiss Thor to call on that learned and well-reputed lawyer Master Gerard von Sturm. So great was the fame of Master Gerard that he was often called in to settle the mercantile quarrels of the burghers among themselves, and was even chosen as arbiter between those of other towns. For, though accounted severe, he had universally the name of a just and wise man, who would not rob the litigants of all their valuables and then decide in favor of neither, as was too often the way with the "justice" of the great nobles.

As for Duke Casimir of the Wolfmark, no man or woman went near him on any plea whatsoever, save that of asking mercy or favor. And unless my father chanced to be at hand, mostly they asked in vain. For, as I now knew, he had to keep up the common bruit of himself throughout the country as a cruel, fearless, and implacable tyrant. Besides, his fears were so constant and so great, perhaps so well founded, that often he dared not be merciful.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LUBBER FIEND.

At five of the clock I lifted the great wolf's-head knocker of shining brass which frowned above the door of Master Gerard von Sturm in the port of the Weiss Thor. Hardly had I let it fall again, when a small wicket, apparently about two feet above my head, opened, and a huge round head with enormous ears at either side peeped out. So vast was the head and so small the aperture that one of the lateral wings of the chubby face caught on the sill, and the owner brought it away successfully with a jerk and a perfectly good-humored and audible "flip."

"Who are you and what do you want?" said a wide-gashed mouth, which, with a squat, flattened-out nose and two merry little twinkling eyes, completed this wonderful apparition.

The words were in themselves somewhat rude. On paper I observe that they have an appearance almost truculent. But spoken as the thing framed in the window-sill said them, they were equal to a song of Brudershaft and an episcopal benediction rolled in one.

"I am Hugo Gottfried, of the Red Tower, come to see Master Gerard," I replied. "Who may you be that asks so boldly?"

"I'll give you a stalk of rhubarb to suck if you can guess," was the unexpected answer.

As I had never in my life seen anything in the least like the prodigy, it was clearly impossible for me to earn the tart succulence of the summer vegetable on such easy terms.

"I should say," I replied, "if the guess savor not of insolence, that one might be forgiven for mistaking you for the Fool of the Family!"

The grin expanded till it wellnigh circumnavigated the vast head. It seemed first of all to make straight for the ears on either side. Then, quite suddenly, finding these obstacles insurmountable, it dodged underneath them, and the scared observer could almost imagine its two ends meeting with a click somewhere in the wilderness at the back of that unseen hemisphere of hairy thatch.

"Pinked in the white first time—no trial shot!" cried the object in the doorway, cheerily. "I am the Fool of the Family. But not the only one."

At this moment something happened behind—what I could not make out for some time. The head abruptly disappeared. There was a noise as of floor-rugs being vigorously beaten, the door opened, and the most extraordinary figure was shot out into the street. The head which I had seen certainly came first, but so lengthy a body followed that it seemed a vain thing to expect legs in addition. Yet, finally, two appeared, each of which would have made a decent body of itself, and went whirling across the street, till the whole monstrosity came violently into collision with the walls of the house stoop opposite, which seemed to rock to its very foundations under the assault.

A decent serving-man, in a semi-doctorial livery of black cloth, with a large white collar laid far over his shoulders, and cuffs of the same upon his wrists, stood in the open doorway and smiled apologetically at the visitor. He was rather red in the face, and panted with his exertions.

"I ask your pardon, young sir," he said. "That fool, Jan Lubber Fiend, will ever be at his tricks. 'Tis my young mistress that encourages him, more is the pity! For poor serving-men are held responsible for his knavish on-goings. Why, I had just set him cross-legged in the yard, with a basket of pease to shell, seeing how he grows as much as a foot in the night—or near by. But so soon as my back is turned he will be forever answering the door and peeping out into the street to gather the mongrel boys about him. 'Tis a most foul Lubber Fiend to keep about an honest house plaguing decent folks withal!"

By this time the great oaf had come back to the door of the house, and now stood alternately rubbing his elbow and rear, with an expression ludicrously penitent, at once puzzled and kindly.

"Ah, come in with you, will you?" said the man. "Certes, were it not for Mistress Ysolinde I would set on the little imps of the street to nip you to pieces and eat you raw."

The angry serving-man held the door as wide as possible and stood aside, whereat the Lubber Fiend tucked his head so far down that it seemed to disappear into the cavity of his chest, and scurried along the passage bent almost double. As he passed the door he drew all the latter part of his body together, exactly like a dog that fears a kick in the by-going. The respectable man-servant stirred not a muscle, but the gesture told a tale of the discipline of the house by the White Gate, at times when visitors were not being admitted by the main door, and when Mistress Ysolinde, favorer of the Fool Lubber Fiend, was not so closely at hand.

It was a grand house, too, the finest I had ever seen, with hangings of arras everywhere, many and parti-colored—red hunters who hunted, green foresters who shot, puff-cheeked boys blowing on hunting-horns; a house with mysterious vistas, glimpses into dim-lit rooms, wafts of perfume, lamps that were not extinguished even in the daytime, burning far within. All in mighty striking contrast to the bare stark strength of our Red Tower on the Wolfsberg, with its walls fourteen feet thick.

As I followed the serving-man through the halls and stairways my feet fell without noise on carpets never woven in our bare-floored Germany, nor yet in England, where they still strew rushes, even (so they say) in the very dining-rooms of the great—surely a most barbarous and unwholesome country. Nevertheless, carpets of wondrous hue were here in the house of Master Gerard, scarlet and blue, and so thick of ply that the foot sank into them as if reluctant ever to rise again.

As I came to the landing-place at the head of the stairway, one passed hastily before me and above me, with a sough and a rustle like the wind among tall poplar-trees on the canal edges.

I looked up, and, lo! a girl, not beautiful, but, as it were, rather strange and fascinating. She was lithe like a serpent, and undulated in her walk. Her dress was sea-green silk of a rare loom, and clung closely about her. It had scales upon it of dull gold, which gave back a lustrous under-gleam of coppery red as she moved. She had a pale eager face, lined with precision enough, but filled more with passion than womanly charm. Her eyes were emerald and beautiful, as the sea is when you look down upon it from a height and the white sand shines up through the clear depths.

Such was Ysolinde, daughter of Gerard von Sturm, favorer of Lubber Fiends, and creator of this strange Paradise, through which she glided like a spangled Orient serpent.

As I made my way humbly enough across to Master Gerard's room his daughter did not speak to me, only followed me boldly, and yet, as it seemed to me, somewhat wistfully too, with her sea-green eyes. And as the door was closing upon me I saw her beckon the serving-man.

But I, on the inner side of the door and with Master Gerard von Sturm before me, had enough to do to tell my tale and answer his questions without troubling my head about green-eyed girls.

Master Gerard was as remarkable-looking to the full as his daughter, with the same luminously green eyes. But the orbs which in the maid shone as steadily clear as the depths of the sea, in the father glittered opalescent where he sat in the dusk, like the eyes of Grimalkin cornered by dogs in some gloomy angle of the Wolfsberg wall.

As soon as I had set eyes on him I knew that I had to do with a man—not with a walking show like my Lord Duke Casimir. It struck me that for good or evil Master Gerard could carry through his intent to the bitter end, and that in council he would smile when he saw my father change his black vesture of trial for the red of beheading.

The Doctor Gerard was little seen in the streets of Thorn. Many citizens had never so much as set eyes on him. Nevertheless, his hand was in everything. Some said he was a Jew, chiefly because none knew rightly what he was, or whence he had come. Thirty years had gone by since he had suddenly appeared one day in the noble old house by the Weiss Thor, from which Grätz the wizard and his wife had been burnt out by the fury of the populace. Twenty years of artistic labor had made this place what it now was. And the little impish maid who used to break unexpectedly upon the workmen of Thorn from behind doors, or who clapped hands upon their shoulders in dusky recesses, scaring them out of their wits with suggestions of witchmasters long dead and damned, had grown into this maid of the sea-green eyes and silken draperies.

"A good-day to you, Hugo Gottfried!" said Master Gerard, quietly, looking at me keenly across the table. He wore a skull-cap on his closely cropped head. One or two betraying locks of gray appeared under it in front, but did not conceal a flat forehead, which ran back at such an angle that, with the luminous eyes beneath it, it gave him the look of a serpent rearing his yellow head a little back in the act to strike. This was a look his daughter had also. But in her the gesture was tempered by the free-playing curves of a beautiful throat and the forward thrust of a rounded chin—advantages not possessed by the angular anatomy and bony jaw of the famous doctor of law.

Master Gerard, clad in a long robe of black velvet from head to heel, sat bending his fingers gracefully together and looking at me. His head was thrown back, I have said, and the lights of the colored windows striking on his gray hair and black skull-cap caused him to look more like some lean ascetic ecclesiastic and prince of the Church than the chief lawyer of the ancient capital of the Wolfmark.

"You were present at this child's play yester-eve in the hostel of the White Swan?" he asked, boring into me with his uncomfortable triangular eyes.

"Ay, truly," said I, "and much they made of me!"

For since my father said that I was accounted a hero in this house, I had determined not to hide away my deeds in my leathern scrip. I had had enough practice in playing at modesty in the Tower of the Red Axe.

Master Gerard shook his shoulders as though he would have made me believe that he laughed.

"You were over many for them, I hear; great silly fellows, children playing with fire, yet afraid to burn themselves. Why, since ten this morning I have had them all here—stout burgomeisters' sons, slim scions of the Burghershaft, moist-eyed corporation children, each more anxious than another to prove that he had nothing to do with any treason. He had but called in at the White Swan for a draught of Frederika's famous stone ale, and so—well, he found himself somehow in the rear, and, all against his will, was dragged into the Lair of the White Wolf!"

He looked at me quietly, without speaking, for a while.

"And you, Master Hugo, did you go thither to distinguish yourself by breaking up their child's folly, or, like the others, to taste the stone ale?"

It was a question I had not expected. But it was best to be very plain with Master Gerard.

"I went," I replied, "along with Michael Texel, because he asked me. I knew not in the least what I was to see, but I was ready for anything."

"And you acquitted yourself on the whole extremely well," he nodded; "so at least they are all very ready to say, hoping, I doubt not, for your good offices with the Duke when it comes to their turn. You flouted them right manfully and defied their mystery, they told me."

At this moment I became conscious that a door opposite me was open and the curtain drawn a little way back. There, in the half-light, I saw Mistress Ysolinde listening. She leaned her head aside as though it had been heavy with its weight of locks of burned gold, pillowing her cheek against the door-post, and let her dreamy sea-green eyes rest upon me. And the look that was in them gave me a sense of pleasure strange and acute, as well as a restless uneasiness and vague desire to escape out under the blue sky, and mingle with the throng of every-day men on the streets of the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHERE SLEEP THE GUARDS?

The Czar has got Port Arthur,
The Kaiser holds Foo-Ching,
The French have gobbled up Hai-Nan,
The Queen holds Ting-a-Ling.

The Cossack's on the Yangtse,
The Teuton's at Wing-Hi,
The Gaul's eloped with Pitti-Sing,
The Briton holds Choo-Fli.

Wilhelm becomes King Bill-Hee,
The Queen's the Empress Yum,
The Czar's the Chung of Dit-To;
But what do *we* become?

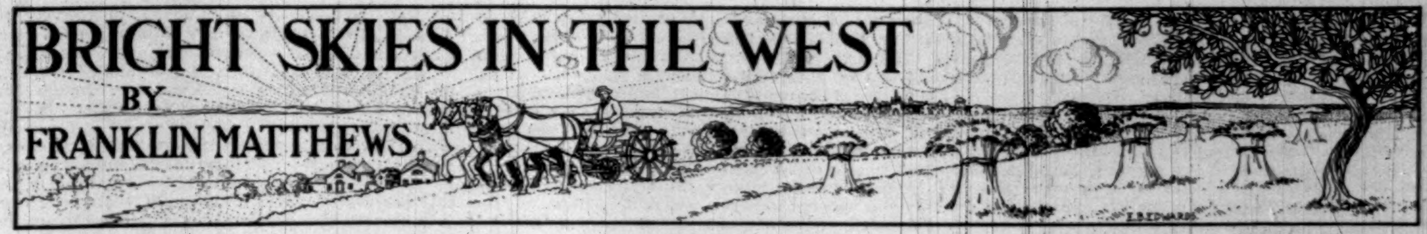
Where is great Wilhelm Chandler?
And where is Morgan true?
Where sleeps our gallant Cabot Lodge,
And all his fighting crew?

Why are they not at Teeville?
Why not at Hinki-Pank?
Why storm they not the heights of Ping
On Wun-Lung's flowered bank?

Why are they not at Oolong?
At Huhl-Lee-Gee? at Li?
Is dear old Glory's finger not
In this Mongolian pie?

Alas! It looks so, truly.
And can the reason be
We've cane and whiskey generals,
With none to care for Tea?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.




## I.—KANSAS DEBTS AND DEBT-PAYERS.

IN the spirit of humorous hyperbole which made him known from one end of the land to the other during the campaign of 1896, William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, closed a speech which he made at the Commercial Club's annual dinner, in Kansas City, on December 17, 1897, with these words:

"And God said 'Let there be light,' and there was—Kansas."

The boldness of this figure of speech may be startling when set out by itself, but one should remember that the public men of Kansas are still in what may be called the oratorical stage—the stage of astonishing metaphors. Within two years John J. Ingalls wrote, apparently in sober earnest:

> Other States could be spared without irreparable bereavement, but Kansas is indispensable to the joy, the inspiration, and the improvement of the world. . . . Its arithmetic is more dazzling and bewildering than poetry, and the historian is compelled to be economical of truth and parsimonious in his recital of facts in order not to impose too great a strain upon the capacity of human credulity.

The Eastern investor whose money was lost in the riot of speculation that swept over Kansas in the early nineties, or sunk in the successive waves of hard times that followed the speculation, may be inclined to invert Mr. White's figure, and say that at last the light which a kind Providence intended should shine in the remotest parts of the universe has reached Kansas. This same investor, remembering only the loss of his money, would be likely to agree with Mr. Ingalls in declaring the arithmetic of Kansas more dazzling and bewildering than poetry. The truth is there is light in Kansas, and it has been shining like a beacon in the Middle West ever since the enormous crops of 1897 were harvested, and it is also true that Kansas arithmetic has become more bewildering than poetry since that time, for the prosperity that those crops brought to the farmers reads like fairy tales, and in many cases is dazzling. One can form a correct opinion of Kansas and its people better by going to the State, and by speaking with its farmers, its storekeepers, its business men, its officials, and its professional men, than in any other way. It was for this purpose that in December last I visited the State, and, in this and other articles to follow, the exact truth about Kansas and other Western States is to be told as it was learned after diligent investigation.

One needs to be in Kansas only a few days to learn that the East has misunderstood the people of the Sunflower State as much as the people of that State have misunderstood the East. The real people of Kansas are no more repudiators and cranks than the real people of the East are shylocks and fanatics. There is no patent process of arithmetic whereby the Eastern investor must pay losses and the Western investor must not. And despite all that has been said to the contrary, it is easy to show that Kansas people, notwithstanding the fact that millions of Eastern dollars have been lost and swallowed up forever through reckless money-lending as much as through reckless money-borrowing, are not only debt-payers, but among the best debt-payers in the country.

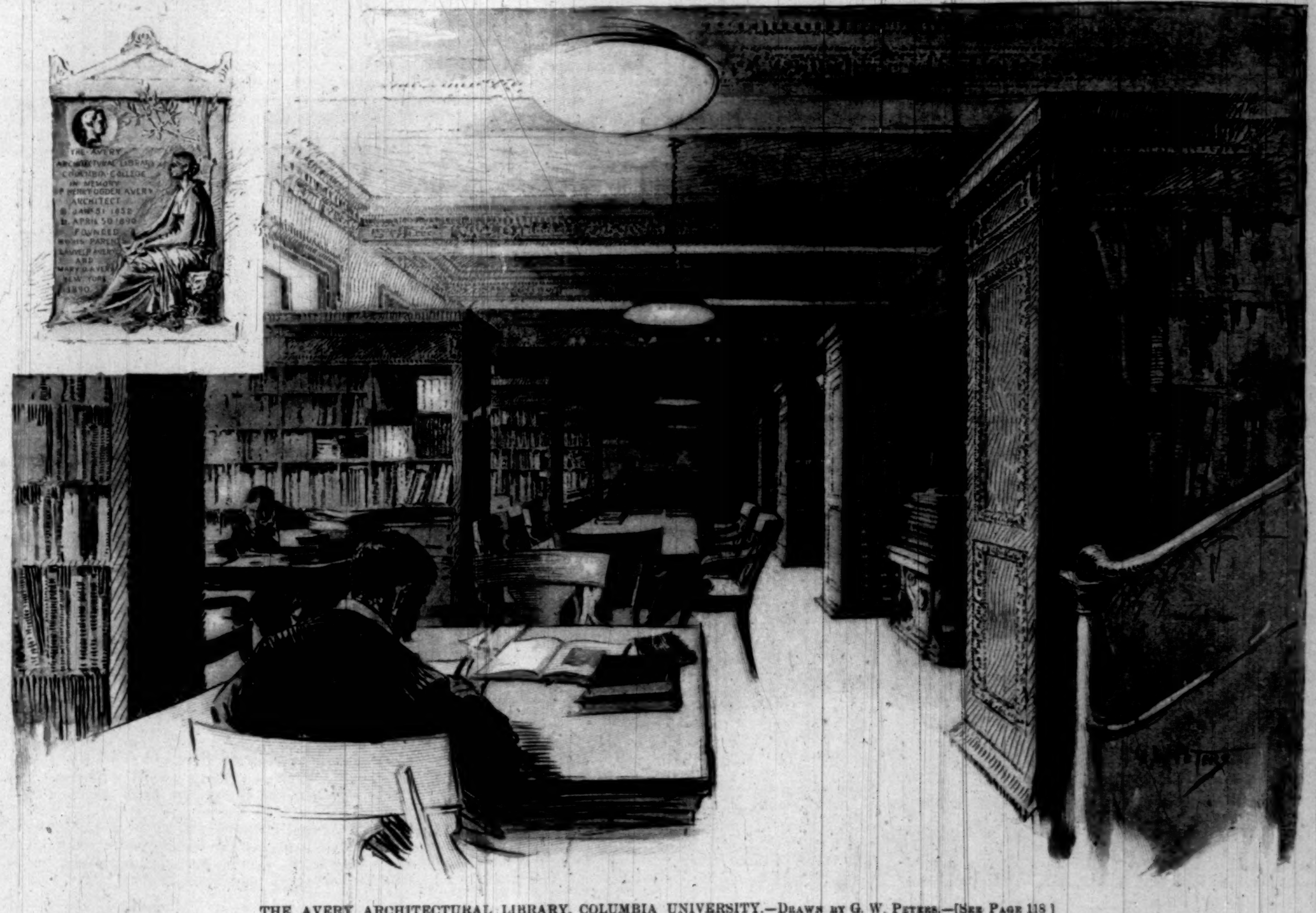
Before producing figures to prove this assertion, a little recapitulation of recent events is necessary. It was late in the eighties that the boom fever struck Kansas. The get-rich-quick bacteria superheated its blood, and the State was soon in a delirium. To account for this condition Editor White has said recently that Kansas is so highly educated that she is more responsive to psychological currents and conditions than her sister States, and therefore has done more queer things than they. During the boom times it became known that many investors in the East had been quietly making enormous profits in the State by lending money at high rates of interest. Forthwith there was a rush of capital from the East to share in this prosperity. A regiment of loan companies was formed. At one time there were no less than 400 of these companies. Adventurers in the East and in Kansas formed many of them; it was so easy for a time to make money by the mere signing of notes and putting them up as collateral in your own loan company. The people of the East showered money over the State. It couldn't be kept out. Bonds of electric-light companies, of water-works and sewer enterprises, of street-car companies, stock in banks, investment companies, and what not, in places that were mere cross-roads, and in places that did not exist at all, were subscribed for.

It soon became necessary to use part of the principal to pay the alleged high interest. The era of swindling began. Nearly all the loan companies had guaranteed—that was an easy matter—both interest and principal. Companies with a capital of $50,000—perhaps $10,000 of which was paid up—had guarantees for millions out. Thousands upon thousands of dollars which the Kansas farmers paid on their loans were stolen deliberately, and hundreds of lawsuits over such cases are yet pending. One company, according to the report of the State Bank Commissioner in 1895, collected more than $375,000 from the Kansas people, and deliberately stole it all. Forged satisfactions of mortgages were made out, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were borrowed on them under false pretences. One company did $100,000 of such business. Then there were bogus banks. The McPherson County Bank was one of these. There was no such institution, and yet hundreds of Eastern investors sent their money to buy its stocks and bonds without investigating the matter. The famous Citizens' Bank of Wichita was a veritable quicksand for Eastern money. It was supposed to have a capital of $500,000, and a surplus of $200,000. It all vanished like a mist. Wichita's town lots and tremendous office buildings out in the corn-fields still remain, but the money is gone. No investors apparently were more reckless than the savings-banks of New Hampshire, most of which have since been wrecked because of their Western investments. The variety and scope of the swindling that grew out of this unbusinesslike way of doing business were such that the Bank Commissioner, in his report for 1895, said:

"The list of those who have been robbed by these rotten institutions is augmented, until to-day there is a small army of Eastern people who believe that our State is populated with a class of conscienceless rascals whose sole business is to prey upon the people of the East."

The crash of the boom came, with its awful wreckage in Kansas and other States. The crops were fair in Kansas up to that time, and even unusual as late as the year 1892. Then the hard times set in. Crops were light, the farmers had little money to spare for debts, and Eastern investors were called upon, under the double liability act, to put more money into the State. Some of them did so, in the hope of saving part of what they had invested. Most of them let their investments go at once, and took what satisfaction they could by denouncing the people of the State indiscriminately as swindlers. Few denounced themselves publicly for lending money foolishly, and fairly forcing other people to take it. Of the nearly 400 loan companies only seven survived. They were those that had refused to guarantee interest and principal. They paid lower interest than the companies which went down. Instead of paying ten and twelve per cent., they paid only eight and ten. They received only two per cent. commission for placing loans, instead of four per cent. One of these surviving companies actually kept $50,000 belonging to a Philadelphia clergyman—money that he insisted on investing at high rates in Kansas—from April to August, and then sent it back to him. One easily understands now how those seven companies survived. They did business on business principles.

All business was prostrated. Money stopped coming in. Some of the swindlers sent forged papers East, and then pleaded for time in liquidation, hoping to escape prosecution through the statute of limitations, which provided that two years was the limit of time in which action in such cases could be taken. Thousands upon thousands of farmers had paid their just debts, but the money had never reached the East. Eastern investors were called upon to pay a double liability, and Western farmers were called upon to pay a second time debt-money, and then each side began to call the other names. The Eastern men called the Western men "repudiators," and the Western men called the Eastern men "shylocks," "heartless money barons," and other things, and meanwhile a small army of swindlers and adventurers, some



THE AVERY ARCHITECTURAL LIBRARY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 118.]

of whom had sprung up in Kansas itself, and some of whom had hurried to the State to play their game, went scurrying here and there, to make away with their ill-gotten spoils, or to escape the wrath of the raging Eastern investor or the swindled Western farmer.

The political demagogue then grew and flourished as a natural outcome of all this. He went up and down the country telling the farmers that the people of the East were not as other men; that there was no patriotic middle class in the East; that we were all millionaires or paupers; that a man who had money was the natural enemy of those who had been unfortunate; that the way to remedy the evils was to elect him to office. And the people of the East read these appeals and began to believe assertions that were also unjust, to the effect that the people of Kansas were dishonest in spirit; that they were practically all cranks; that they did not believe in debt-paying; that they were volatile, and followers after every new bauble and foible that came up; that they were a disgrace to American principles and American spirit.

Men in the East raised their hands and cried, "Can any good thing come out of Kansas?"

Men in Kansas lifted their voices in reply, and shouted, "Have the men of the East any god but money?"

So the misunderstandings continued until the great crops of 1897 came along and spread a blanket of prosperity all over the State. The effect has been like a refreshing sleep to a strong but physically exhausted man. The State has awakened in good humor. It has ceased to rail at the East. It is eager to pay its debts. It even has money of its own to loan. It wants the East to change its views to some extent also. It wants a hearing to show that it is not a community of cranks and repudiators, and it has some figures, such as have never been printed before, to prove it.

In my investigations as to the increase of business in Kansas I had occasion to visit Bank Commissioner Breidenthal. I asked him if there was any public data regarding Eastern investments and the amount of money that had been lost and paid on them. He said that there was no official compilation of such matters, and that the matter of mortgage indebtedness could only be secured by a laborious correspondence with county officials. The United States census for 1890 had given the total amount of mortgage indebtedness, but exact figures since that time could not be secured. Mr. Breidenthal's entire business and official life has been taken up with such matters, and he volunteered some data from his own information and experience, which he said could not be disputed by any well-informed person.

Before giving this data it would be well to recall that Mr. Breidenthal is the man who, although the head of the Populist party in Kansas at the time, proclaimed, to the surprise of all, early last summer, that prosperity had come to the State, and thus confounded calamity-howlers. It was the first authentic news regarding the matter from the State. Mr. Breidenthal was broad-minded and fair-minded enough not only to tell the whole truth about the matter, regardless of politics and political effect, but to spread the matter broadcast throughout the land. He simply wanted the truth about Kansas known. It is also only fair to say that before going to see Mr. Breidenthal I had the opinion of him that has been prevalent somewhat in the East, that he was a smart political manipulator and intriguer. After less than half an hour's conversation with him I began to change my mind, and to believe that in many things he had been misrepresented. Before leaving him I became convinced that he had neither hoofs nor horns, and that although we disagreed politically, he was honest, capable, and straightforward in thought and action. To make sure that my impression of him was correct I went to the political leaders opposed to him, to the best-known members of the bar in Topeka, to editors in various cities and towns, to merchants, bankers, and farmers, and it is a pleasure to give the invariable answer to my inquiries as to Mr. Breidenthal's character and trustworthiness. Summed up it was:

"There is no more honorable man, no fairer political antagonist, no more patriotic citizen, in Kansas than John W. Breidenthal. You may depend on any figures he gives you absolutely."

Some persons may regard this as exaggeration, and it may be something of a surprise to Mr. Breidenthal himself, who has had to bear his share of attack in politics, to know what his fellow-citizens really think of him, but I challenge any contradiction of my assertion that his reputation at home is as I have given it. There is a very simple reason for this. It is because the point I wish to make about Kansas debt-paying depends upon figures that Mr. Breidenthal gave me. It is his business to visit every State bank in the commonwealth. His own loan company was one of the seven that did not go down in the wreck following the boom. He has spent all his life in the atmosphere of loans and investments, and his friends and political enemies assert that no man in Kansas is more competent, by reason of his official place and personal experience, to talk of mortgage indebtedness in the State.

Mr. Breidenthal's figures go back twenty years, and are divided into periods of five years each, the average time of Kansas loans. From 1878 to 1882 inclusive he estimates the average Kansas mortgage indebtedness at $50,000,000, and the average interest from 8 to 10 per cent.; from 1883 to 1887, average indebtedness $100,000,000, with the interest from 7 to 8 per cent.; from 1888 to 1892, indebtedness $200,000,000, with interest from 6 to 8 per cent.; from 1893 to 1897, indebtedness $150,000,000, with interest from 6 to 8 per cent. The average indebtedness for all these twenty years was $125,000,000 a year, and the average interest during these twenty years was 7 per cent. Mr. Breidenthal estimates that the total losses to Eastern investors during these twenty years was $25,000,000, but says that there was paid on the average indebtedness of $125,000,000 a year interest that averaged 7 per cent. In other words, Kansas paid to Eastern investors an annual average interest on all investments for twenty years of $8,750,000, and the total amount of interest paid in twenty years was the enormous sum of $175,000,000 on a principal that aggregated in that time $500,000,000. The average population at this time was 1,200,000, and the yearly interest actually paid to Eastern investors was a little more than $7 for every man, woman, and child, while the total interest paid for the twenty years amounted to nearly $146 for every inhabitant. The United States census for 1890 gave the entire mortgage indebtedness of Kansas for that year as $240,000,000, but that included all kinds of mortgages, and made no distinctions between those from the East and those of the West's own making. Mr. Breidenthal says that reports and figures sent to him show that since 1890 Kansas has paid no less than $150,000,000 of her mortgage debt, leaving $90,000,000 to be accounted for, according to the figures of the Federal census. He says that since 1890 there have been foreclosures amounting to $40,000,000, and that on April 1, 1898, the mortgage indebtedness of the State will be only $50,000,000, although the average indebtedness for twenty years up to the same date has been $125,000,000.

Here is the summary which Mr. Breidenthal makes of his figures: Total foreclosures in the twenty years, $50,000,000; estimated absolute loss in twenty years, $25,000,000; total interest paid in twenty years, $175,000,000; net interest paid, deducting the total loss of $25,000,000, $150,000,000. The net sum paid despite losses, therefore, is 6 per cent. of the entire investment.

In other words, although no less than $25,000,000 have been lost outright to Eastern investors in Kansas mortgages, the aggregate of such indebtedness has been reduced from $125,000,000 to $50,000,000, and throughout all the hard times the State has paid, actually paid, upon its mortgages—good, bad, and indifferent—the average interest of 6 per cent. Of course these figures apply only to the mortgages of the State involving Eastern money. They cannot apply to the wild-cat investments in municipal securities that secured nothing except an easy way of making money for the "promoters."

To the Eastern investor who lost all he sent to Kansas these figures of thrift and of evident desire to pay one's debts may have a mocking sound, but, taken as a whole, they make a showing that is not to the discredit of Kansas, considering the temptations to which she was subjected in the matter of reckless money-borrowing. As illustrating the feeling of bitterness and the misunderstandings on both sides in this matter of Kansas investments, I print here, omitting names, the letter of a clerk in Connecticut to the cashier of a Kansas bank, and forwarded by the cashier to Bank Commissioner Breidenthal:

——, Connecticut, *July 7, 1897.*

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of June 25 ultimo, and am not at all surprised at the appearance of the new page turned in the history of your bank. It is like all the rest that has gone before—a shameless history, carried on by shameless men. It is like the inception of the bank, like the acts of its promoters, like the acts of those who foisted the stock upon the East, like Kansas and Kansas people. It is a unique history, too, in that it shows a keen foresight in the selection of those who pay and those who have gone free. In Kansas, I suppose, it is called "financiering." Here we give a thing that is founded upon deceit in the beginning and repudiation in the end another name. However, I suppose you cannot help it. There must be something in the air that you breathe in your God-forsaken State that fosters and nurtures the freebooter spirit.

If it is not asking too much, I would like to know who secured the passage of this act of your Legislature by which you have the power given to you to further pluck your stockholders? Did the "statesmen" of Kansas, the members of the Legislature themselves, create and carry to completion this act, or did the banks themselves see one more way in which they could get at the pockets already depleted but perhaps not entirely empty? What part did the —— Bank take in this feat of Western engineering?

I cannot attend your meeting, and would not if I could. I have no desire to see a poor farce poorly played, and as for sending a proxy, I would see you and all the other members of the management of the bank in the lowest depths of hell before I would put my name to any paper that would aid you in your nefarious schemes, and I would certainly prevent any member of my family from signing such a paper.

I was through your State recently, and was disappointed in seeing it looking so well. I had hoped to see nothing but desolation. However, it is early yet, and there is still time for the hot winds to blast and destroy. I wish for your whole State and people nothing but distress, but failure, but utter bankruptcy. When that blessed time and condition comes to you I shall feel that we are getting even with you, and when you are blotted out altogether, so that nothing remains but the unsavory name of your foul State, I shall feel that the mill that has ground slowly has at last ground out only fine but well.

Very truly yours,

——.

This letter was written by a man who probably had put his entire savings and also some of his wife's money into bank stock in a little town. He was called upon to pay, like all other stockholders East or West, an assessment on his stock under the double liability act. It probably became necessary to scale down some of the debts of the bank under the new law which has put Kansas banks upon a businesslike and safe basis. The letter, although of exaggerated type, is illustrative of the brands that have been flying back and forth from East to West, inflaming the angry feelings between the two regions, and showing the extent to which men will go—men of intelligence, too—when their money has been lost in such financiering as swept over Kansas. There is another side to this Eastern feeling, and it is one that Mr. Breidenthal, with some show of pride, placed opposite to this letter from the Connecticut man. He quoted from the report for 1895 of the Bank Commissioner of New Hampshire, the State that was almost as sorely chastened as Kansas in the riotous speculation. That report said, under the head of "Western Investments," and speaking particularly of Kansas investments,

The losses thus far have been largely from classes of investments that *would have proved disastrous whatever might have been the condition of the West.* (Italics do not occur in the report.)

In other words, there is the testimony of the representative of the chief sufferers of the East, the New Hampshire farmers and wage-earners, that it was the speculative spirit and not the condition of Kansas and its agriculture that brought ruin in its wake.

There may be inquiry as to how Kansas could pay off so much of her mortgage indebtedness since 1890. One reason is that a change in the law in that year gave the mortgagee the privilege of paying off a mortgage in instalments of $100, or multiples of that sum, and thousands of farmers availed themselves of that privilege, and this year will see their farms clear despite the hard times. But how did they get the money, even the small sums? The answer is found in the amazing productiveness of Kansas since 1890, notwithstanding the crop failures. The State Agricultural Department's figures show that since 1890 the farmers of the State have raised in crops and live stock nearly $2,000,000,000 worth of produce. The value of those seven years of produce is more than the national debt of the United States. The grand total for 1897 is put at $230,000,000. In 1890 it was $325,000,000; 1891, $287,000,000; 1892, $273,000,000; 1893, $220,000,000; 1894, $192,000,000; 1895, $201,000,000; 1896, $189,000,000; total, omitting all but general figures, $1,917,000,000. The product of Kansas farms for 1897 was $41,000,000 more than in 1896, and of this increase $15,000,000 was in corn, wheat, and oats. Another article will deal with this increase in wealth and what it has meant to Kansas.

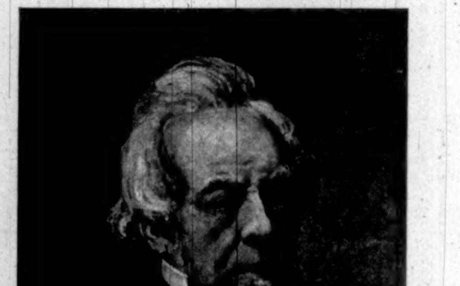
To show that Kansas people are not repudiators, her partisans point to the fact that at one time, owing to legislation intended to give encouragement to farmers, nearly fifty per cent. of the people of the State were exempt from the payment of obligations. These exemptions included farm utensils and other things of necessity on the farm, and in cases where judgments were taken there was little or nothing that could be attached in payment. Despite these exemptions, Kansas people say that not ten per cent. of those legally exempt from obligations availed themselves of their lawful rights. Mr. Breidenthal says that as Bank Commissioner he finds in every part of the State men who prefer to pay their debts outright rather than extend their mortgages and buy more land or make improvements on their holdings. Supplementing Mr. Breidenthal's statements, I am at liberty to quote what Major Hood, president of the leading bank in Emporia, one of the men most prominently mentioned for the Republican nomination for Governor at the next election, when the Republicans expect to win, said to me of Kansas debts and debt-paying:

"I have lived here," said Major Hood, "twenty-six years, and have been in the banking business most of that time, and in all my experience I have never seen such a desire to pay debts and such a result in debt-paying in this State as we have had in 1897."

Further testimony as to Kansas debt-paying lies in the fact that in Kansas, as in Nebraska and other States of the Middle West, the loan business, as it was formerly conducted, is over. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of Eastern money have been sent back since last fall because there was no market for it. Only recently a bank official in central New York received letters of inquiry from Kansas asking as to the value of certain investments. Some persons in Kansas had money to lend in the East. It is a fact beyond dispute that Western mortgages are being paid off far in advance of maturity. One agent of a loan company told me that from the West alone returns on unmatured loans were coming in at his office at the rate of $50,000 a week faster than he could put out the money again. He said he was simply sending back all the Eastern money that was coming to him. He could not find a market even for his Western money.

In view of these facts, I think it is fair to say that the present aim of Kansas is to get out of debt, and that she is getting out of debt marvellously fast, considering what she has had to contend against in the matter of bad reputation and hard times. When we analyze the extent of the prosperity that came to the State in 1897, as we shall in another article, I think it will be agreed by all reasonable persons that it is not a case of special pleading to argue that Kansas people are not only excellent debt-payers, but among the best debt-payers in the country, and especially so when we remember the temptation she had to borrow recklessly.

Truly there is light in Kansas now, and when one considers what she has done in twenty years, he may say that Mr. Ingalls, for once in his life, did not exaggerate when he said that her arithmetic was bewildering.



RIGHT HONORABLE C. P. VILLIERS.

## THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The fame of Mr. Villiers will always be inseparable in English history from the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the propagation of Free Trade; though even in that connection it is probable that he will have to take a third place behind his two mighty lieutenants, Richard Cobden and John Bright. Nevertheless, it was Mr. Villiers who first dared to attack the stronghold of protection in Parliament. Years before John Bright was ever heard of as a politician, and while Richard Cobden was still busy in the civic and commercial life of Manchester, Mr. Villiers was bringing forward his annual motion in favor of the Repeal of the Corn Law of 1815. When he entered Parliament, in 1835, the cause for which he was fighting must have seemed hopeless. Nine-tenths of the House was filled by the very men whose interests he was attacking. Every consideration of prestige, of dignity and tradition, was arrayed against the new movement. The agriculturists were openly opposed to it; the manufacturers were only lukewarm in its support. "Overturn protection!" said a complacent Tory to Mr. Cobden. "Why, you'll overturn the monarchy before you do that!" Mr. Villiers was not discouraged. He was young, only thirty-two or thirty-three, when he first took his seat for Wolverhampton—

the city he was to represent uninterruptedly for sixty-three years. He had studied law and political economy; he had been animated in his early days by the eloquence of Canning and Huskisson, as they declaimed against commercial monopolies; he had the friendship and backing of men like James Mill and Grote and Bentham; he had been a Poor-Law Commissioner, and knew the needs and privations of the working classes; and he was confident that he had hold of a great scientific truth. What chiefly separated him from his fellow-leaders in the free-trade agitation was his aristocratic birth. He was a member of one of the oldest English families, a brother of the Earl of Clarendon, and connected by the closest ties of relationship with many noble houses. And the movement he led was a movement of the middle classes, of the despised manufacturers of Manchester and Birmingham, wholly businesslike and prosaic, and apparently directly opposed to the interests of his class. Not for one moment did he falter in his fidelity. Year after year he brought forward his bill, and year after year the House listened to him, outvoted him, and went to bed. But his advocacy served the great purpose of drawing the attention of the country to the whole question. "A solitary Robinson Crusoe, standing on the barren rock of Corn Law Repeal," as one of his opponents called him, he still made many converts. Without being a great orator he was a speaker of singular clearness and argumentative power, very ready in debate, very exact and thorough both in manner and matter, and with a facility of sarcasm it was dangerous to provoke. He relied always upon reason and argument. The same glacial impartiality marked his leadership of the Anti-Corn-Law League. In a time of great passion he counselled moderation and coolness, refused to set class against class or town against country, and won his way and finally carried his point by resistless appeals to the intelligence of his adversaries. Cobden and Bright have naturally overshadowed the part he played in repealing the Corn Laws, but to him must be given the credit of having set on foot the movement which revolutionized Great Britain's fiscal system, unshackled British commerce, and has made its influence felt in every quarter of the world. Mr. Villiers was no less deservedly fortunate in seeing the acceptance of many another reform which he advocated. The introduction of the ballot, Irish disestablishment, national education, extension of the franchise, and municipal reform, all received the aid of his vigorous and patient support; while in his own special domain, that of poor-law administration, he introduced himself many valuable and important changes. He was a man of exceptional vivacity and sweetness of temper, modest and ungrudging, and absolutely devoid of personal ambition. His seventy years of public life were given wholeheartedly to the cause of liberty and the poor.

Sydney Brooks.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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## ARE YOU TO LIVE IN ALASKA?

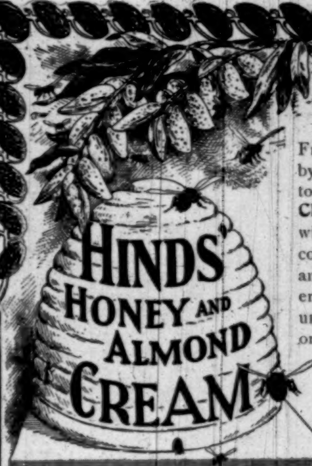
The universal article of diet in that country, depended upon and indispensable, is bread or biscuit. And to make the bread and biscuit, either in the camp or upon the trail, yeast cannot be used—it must be baking powder—and the powder manufactured by the processes of the Royal Baking Powder Company, miners and prospectors have learned, is the only one which will stand in that peculiar climate of cold and dampness and raise the bread and biscuit satisfactorily.

These facts are very important for every one proposing to go to Alaska and the Yukon country to know, for should he be persuaded by some outfitter to take one of the cheap brands of baking powder, it will cost just as much to transport it, and then when he opens it for use, after all his labor in packing it over the long and difficult route, he will find a solid caked mass or a lot of spoiled powder, with no strength and useless. Such a mistake might lead to the most serious results. Alaska is no place in which to experiment in food, or try to economize with your stomach. For use in such a climate, and under the trying and fatiguing conditions of life and labor in that country, everything must be the best and most useful, and, above all, it is imperative that all food supplies shall have perfect keeping qualities. It is absurd to convey over such difficult and expensive routes an article that will deteriorate in transit, or that will be found when required for use to have lost a great part of its value.

There is no better guide to follow in these matters than the advice of those who have gone through similar experience. Mr. McQuesten, who is called "the father of Alaska," after an experience of years upon the trail, in the camp, and in the use of every kind of supply, says: "We find in Alaska that the importance of a proper kind of baking powder cannot be overestimated. A miner with a can of bad baking powder is almost helpless in Alaska. We have tried all sorts, and have been obliged to settle down to use nothing but the Royal. It is stronger and carries further at first, but, above all things, it is the only powder that will endure the severe climatic changes of the arctic region."

It is for the same reasons that the U. S. Government in its relief expeditions, and Peary, the famous arctic traveller, have carried the Royal Baking Powder exclusively.

The Royal Baking Powder will not cake nor lose its strength either on board ship or in damp climates, and is the most highly concentrated and efficient of leavening agents. Hence it is indispensable to every Alaskan outfit. It can be had of any of the trading companies in Alaska; but should the miner procure his supplies before leaving, he should resist every attempt of the outfitter to palm off upon him any of the other brands of baking powder, for they will spoil and prove the cause of great disappointment and trouble.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

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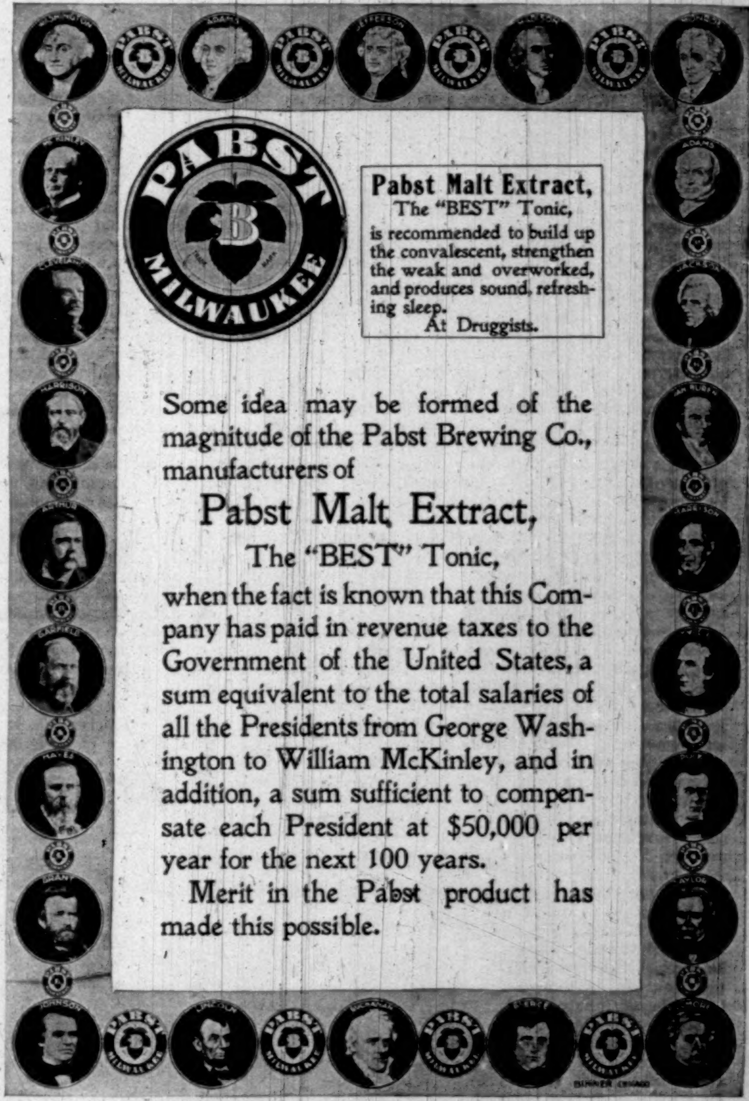


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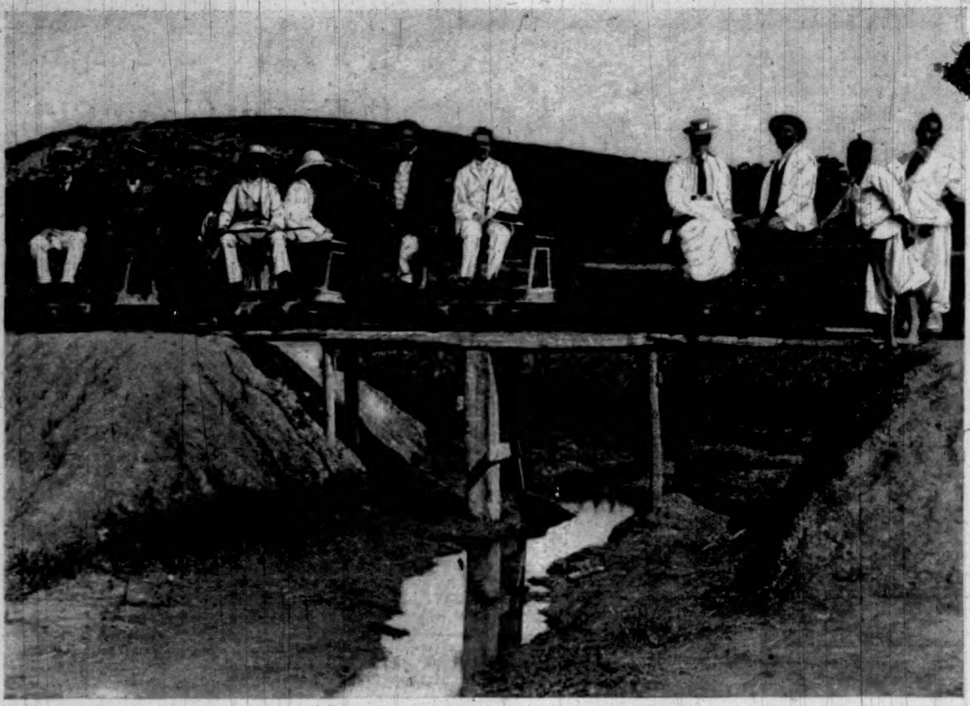


AMERICAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN KOREA.—FIRST EXCURSION PARTY OVER THE TEMPORARY RAIL LINE BETWEEN SEOUL AND CHEMULPO.

## THE FIRST RAILWAY IN KOREA.

KOREA, so weak as a political structure, is for scenery one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Its eight provinces are substantially so many river basins. The land is well drained, and in the southern provinces warm and fertile, while the mineral riches are certainly abundant. Korea's total area is about ninety thousand square miles, and its splendid coast-line of over eighteen hundred miles insures for it a commercial future. Roughly speaking, it is an island, for out of the Dragon Prince's Pool, upon the summit of the Long White Mountain, on the extreme northern frontier, flow the two streams, the Yalu and the Tumen, which give Korea a water boundary on the north. In physical configuration the country on its eastern side is a long backbone of mountains, with a precipitous wall of rock fronting the Sea of Japan, all the rest of the country being a long slope towards the Yellow Sea. The chief river, Han, rises among the Diamond Mountains. Its strong current during the ages has deposited the Kang-wa and other islands and groups of islands in front of its mouth, which make navigation so difficult, and which, until a generation ago, hid the way to the Seoul from foreign navigators. Seoul, the capital, is a league north of this river, and Chemulpo is over twenty miles south of it. At the latter place, the treaty port of the capital, is now a bustling foreign settlement, where are gathered many nationalities. Hence the necessities of a railway are patent.

The beasts of burden in all the eight provinces are either the patient and handsome bulls, reared in the native families among the children; the biting, kicking, screaming, and thoroughly unlovely ponies; or, most numerously, men or women. Among the men, paradoxical as it may seem, are "the only pretty girls in Korea," for until marriage a man is nothing. With his hair parted in the middle and made into a braid hanging down his back, an unmarried Korean lad is often as handsome as he is good-natured.

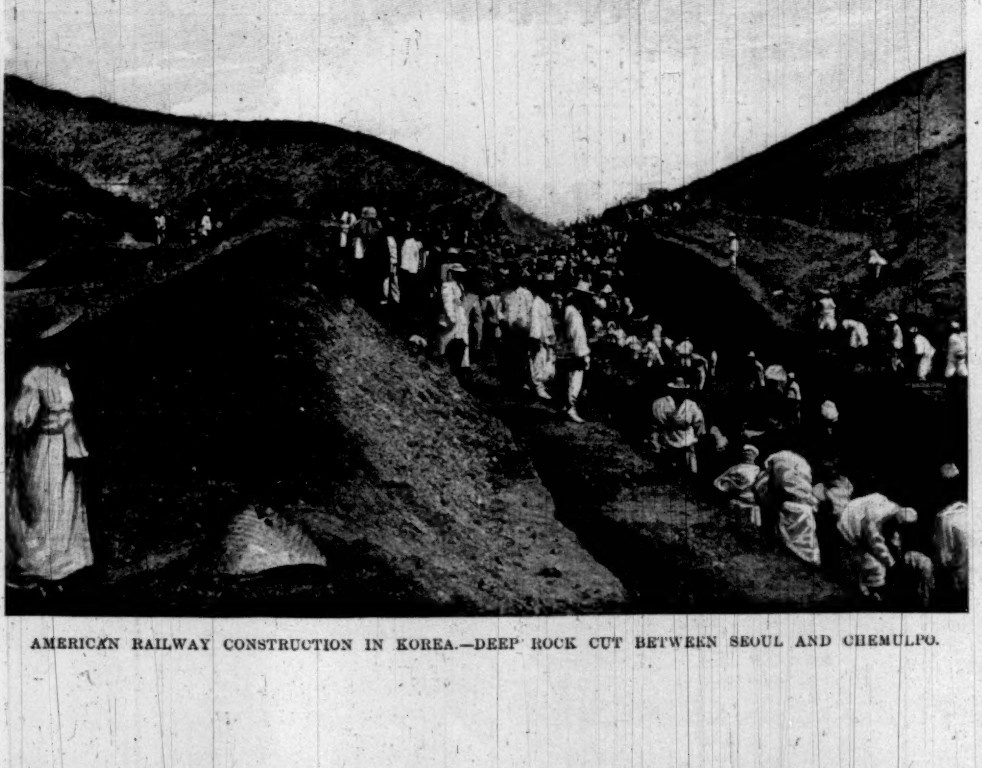
Now the days of bulls, ponies, and human burden-bearers, between seaport and capital at least, are numbered. Some months ago the royal government gave to an American firm a concession to build a railway. Two Americans, Messrs. Collbran & James, have undertaken the contract to construct the road-bed and road for the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad Company. This firm has its headquarters in Denver and Chattanooga. Besides Mr. H. Collbran, who is on the ground, their official representatives in Korea are Messrs. W. C. Carley, engineer in charge, H. R. Bostwick, auditor, and S. F. Philips, superintendent of construction. These three gentlemen are in the employ of the American-Oriental Construction Company.

The contract calls for a completely equipped railway, including road-bed, rails, stations, repair-shops, car and engine houses, turn-tables, telegraph lines, and all necessary equipments. An accompanying photograph shows the contractors' hastily laid temporary road for grading and construction purposes, and the party taking their first trip for amusement over the embankment. The other photograph shows the thousand or more native laborers engaged in the labor of excavating one of the many deep rock cuts. The hills and mountains for many miles around the capital have been denuded for the purposes of fuel, and the justly famed forests of the peninsula can be best seen and enjoyed further in the interior. The road will be of standard gauge, 4 feet 8 inches in width, and 25 miles in length, following closely the old public road—or apology for one—between seaport and capital. In the latter the station will be outside the city wall, near the Little West Gate. The station building, from plans made at Chattanooga, is now on its way. The chief difficulty will be at the river Han, over which an eight-span steel-truss bridge, now in course of construction in the United States, will be thrown. The approaches at either end will consist of lines of wooden trestles 800 feet in length. The steel bridge will be 1650 feet long, and its northern terminus will be close to the King's Ferry, nearly four miles from the capital, and will have a total length of 2450 feet, or nearly half a mile.

The native laborer works cheerfully and faithfully for thirty-five cents a day, paid in silver. The bosses of the gangs are Korean and Japanese. Ten miles of nine-inch rail have already been laid, and one hundred trip-cars are in use. Probably by this time the steam-locomotives and bridge material have arrived. The road-bed is graded, sloped out, and ditched out from Chemulpo to the Pu-Pion Pass, and grading-gangs are at work from that point onward. The cut through Wonti Pass, near Pu-Pion, is the heaviest piece of grading on the road, being 1200 feet long and over 40 feet deep. Here is a large and finely equipped forge, but the carpenter shop is at Chemulpo.

In the picture one may recognize one of the new corps of native policemen in his smart modern uniform, and the royal officers in their curious hats and baggy garments. The laborers also still wear the ancient, uninteresting, and unserviceable dress, which is bound to disappear as soon as the average Korean gets to work. So far, instead of being a benefit, it has been a positive disadvantage for a native to save money or accumulate any property, since he is sure to be swooped upon by the "Yang-Ban," or gentlemen of leisure, privilege, and office, who call on him for a forced loan of money, neither principal nor interest of which he is ever likely to see again. The railway in Korea will be a powerful civilizing force, breaking up the old order based on despotism and ignorance.

Routes for other railways have been surveyed and exploited by the Japanese. It is therefore highly probable that, should peace continue, or should Korea come under the assured control of some stronger power, the steel highways will run northwestwardly to the frontiers of China, northeastwardly to Primorsk in Russia, southwestwardly to Fusan, in touch with Japanese commerce, and southwardly through the warm and rich plains of Chung-Chong and Chulla. Very few countries on earth, and none with so long a history and so ancient possession of writing (with one of the best alphabets in the world), are so rich by nature and so neglected and even ruined by man as this peninsula. Korea's first necessity is good government.



AMERICAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN KOREA.—DEEP ROCK CUT BETWEEN SEOUL AND CHEMULPO.

## WINTER EVENING ON THE HUDSON.

PALE blue that marks departed daylight's track—
Walled shores, like night's grim battlements, below.
A frozen river ridged with crusted snow.
An icy breath that gossips with the trees
Where one who hurries, looks across and sees
A single star above a wall of black.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

## DEATH OF DEAN LIDDELL.

ON Wednesday, January 19, Henry George Liddell, late Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, died in London, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. For two generations he had been one of the most influential and eminent of the great scholars who gave character to the oldest English university, and upheld its traditions and its fame. The list of offices and dignities held by him during a long career of usefulness is remarkable as indicating the variety of his powers, the immense range of his knowledge, and his unwearying industry. Graduated with the highest honors both in the literary and in the mathematical branches, he became at once a tutor in Christ Church College, and soon took high rank as a preacher, while devoting his energies chiefly, and with brilliant success, to the promotion of classical learning in the university. He was made Chaplain to the Prince Consort in 1845, and about the same time was chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy; but he seems to have found both the pulpit and the chair too narrow for his active energies, and in the following year he accepted the head-mastership of Westminster School, where for nine years he impressed his strong personality no less upon the organization and discipline of the institution than upon its scholarly tendencies and standards. His predecessor in this office, Dr. Gaisford, who had been promoted to be Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, died in 1855, and Dr. Liddell again succeeded him, becoming the highest resident officer of the Church in the university. For thirty-two years as Dean, during the last twenty-one of which he was also Vice-Chancellor of the university, he was one of the two or three most conspicuous figures in the social and intellectual life of this great centre of learning. In 1891, at the age of eighty, he resigned all his offices, and retired to the enjoyment of intellectual leisure in a quiet home at Ascot.

Among his own countrymen Dean Liddell will long be remembered as a man of marked and powerful character, always the centre and dominant spirit in a group of richly cultivated minds, and as one who has contributed vastly to shape the methods and tendencies of the higher education. But his place in the intellectual history of his times will mainly depend on the books he has left. Of these, his *History of Rome*, published forty years ago, was at the time welcomed as an important advance upon its predecessors, but has since been so far surpassed in research and completeness, especially by the incomparable work of Mommsen, that its substantial merits as an independent, impartial, and readable narrative are, perhaps temporarily, obscured. But his supreme achievement is the great lexicon of the Greek language which he planned while yet a young man, in association with Dr. Scott of Balliol College, and published in 1843. It was at once hailed by the world of scholarship as the most perfect explanation of a literary language then in existence. But, not content with this splendid success, the authors continued their labors upon successive editions, each making distinct progress in completeness and accuracy, so that the seventh edition, published forty years later, is everywhere known as the standard of classical lexicography, and has made his name a household word wherever the tongue of Homer and Demosthenes is studied.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

# AMATEUR · SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

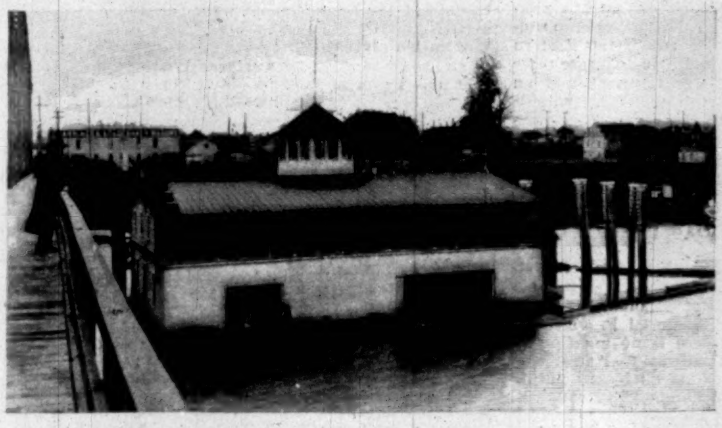
*On his trip across the Continent he collected data for a series of articles on amateur athletics in the West.*

## ATHLETIC SALVATION FOR THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

IT is some half-dozen years at least since organized athletic endeavor may be said to have become an established feature of amateur sport in the Pacific Northwest—by which geographical description are meant particularly the States of Oregon and Washington, but for athletic purposes usually includes also British Columbia. In Oregon the impetus sprung from the rowing interests, which, at Portland, and especially under the auspices of the Willamette Boat Club, had been of considerable duration and activity. In Washington the stirring commercial life at the rival towns, Seattle and Tacoma, attracted many Eastern young men, most of them recent college graduates, and a large percentage athletically inclined. At Victoria lacrosse and boating had long provided good sport for the residents of this very attractive English settlement.

For a time the early sponsors of football and baseball at the American towns in this district, out of their own numbers, abundantly supplied the teams with candidates. There was no thought of whence future candidates were to come. The people revelled in the excitement of the contests, with no conception whatever of the significance of the game to their own or their sons' physical well-being. A happy optimism ruled the athletic day, and the future was believed capable of caring for itself; and so it did, most admirably, for a short while. But no interest



PORTLAND BOAT CLUB HOUSE.

for the athletic investment was forth-coming, and meantime the principal supplying the needed stimulus was being exhausted. The original players were scattering or retiring for one reason and another, and no local material had been developed to replace them.

Thus the necessity of going away from home for players, and hence the beginning of that decidedly unwholesome practice of "attaching" to the club's playing list one of those wandering athletic stars, who is ever ready to barter his skill for board and lodging, or a position, or anything promising an easy living. So, shortly after the very first introduction of these games, clubs lacking material sought it in foreign markets, and usually paid pretty dearly for it in one way and another.

To within two years ago this was the usual means of strengthening teams, and though considerable improvement was apparent in the method, yet the ethics of amateur sport were offended indiscriminately and repeatedly. There is always a lesson in unwholesome athletics to be learned by those who sin perhaps from habit or necessity rather than from first intention or viciousness. It is to the credit of the Pacific Northwest, and the salvation of their amateur sport, that they learned their lesson before it was too late to be of advantage. The situation in the Pacific Northwest is entirely similar to that in the Rocky Mountain district, and their needs are identical—*i. e.*, athletic development and re-enforcement from the schools.

In a measure—to a large measure most frequently—this is equally true of almost every section of the United States. Generally speaking, the very life, and certainly the healthful activity, of amateur sport, depend upon the development of skill and the implanting of a wholesome competitive sentiment at the schools. This is applicable to the far East just as it is to the far West of North America—or to the world, for that matter. But the present need of Denver, as the centre of the Rocky Mountain section, and of Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, as the most important rallying-points in the Pacific Northwest, is greater than we find elsewhere in the country.

If club athletics are to be maintained healthfully and prosperously in these sections, it must be through the development of the schools. Indeed, I can go even further, and state, without fear of refutation, that the only way in which club athletics in these sections can attain a permanent healthful success is through relying upon the schools as athletic feeders. To this end school athletics must, of course, be not only developed carefully, but they must progress on lines that are absolutely wholesome.

To write of these things, and in such a strain, seems like singing A B C lessons; and yet, simple as they are, and forceful as they must be, they are the very ones most generally and oftenest ignored. Somehow it seems characteristic of human nature to disregard the simpler truths, and if they happen to be fundamentals, as quite frequently they are, it serves not a bit to awaken indifference.

That the life and health of athletics depend on their being nourished at the schools is a simple truth, and a fundamental principle of amateur sport.

To within about the last couple of years there was practically no organized school sport in the Pacific Northwest, although desultory play at one or more games had been seen two years earlier. This is to be accounted for, first, by the newness of any kind of sport for that section of the country, and by the general lack of time and money for recreation of all kinds. The average Washington schoolboy, for instance, had (and has even to this very day) nothing like the inclination for athletic relaxation we see elsewhere. Oftentimes his attendance at school has been purchased through denials of perhaps some of the things which go to make life comfortable. Maybe he is one of the bread-winners of his family, and must hurry from school to other duties, more arduous, if no less serious. As a rule, his life is too full of grave effort to permit of thought for play, and too often he wears that serious, sometimes hopeless, expression we find on the faces of the pioneers who have battled for very existence in a new and joyless land. Western Washington, just back from the coast, presents a stretch of heavily wooded country, as dreary and as joyless as any I have yet seen, and the countenances of its inhabitants reflect their surroundings.

Times have been hard in this part of the land in the last few years, and school athletics have naturally been affected. Yet, despite many handicaps, I find undoubted establishment on wholesome lines where, as on my last visit to this region, a few small colleges and half a dozen clubs comprised all there was of sport, amateur and otherwise. In my judgment, the most gratifying, not to say most hopeful, sign of the athletic times in this part is the activity of the public schools. And in this direction is surely to be found the salvation of Northwest Pacific athletics. There is even a dual arrangement between the high-schools of Seattle and Tacoma for annual games in baseball and football, while in Portland the city school teams afford excellent practice for the Multnomah Athletic Club teams, and often make an interesting game with the teams of the Portland Athletic Club.

It is as well, however, to sound a note of warning to the principals of these schools, lest some untoward scandal arise through a lack of close faculty supervision. At present the boys have entirely too much license. They manage things pretty much as they like, and it speaks highly of their sportsmanship that so comparatively excellent an ethical standard has been upheld. Still, it is not fair to the schools, or even to the boys themselves, that their athletics should be denied the safety that goes with maturer guidance. And these schoolboys play a really creditable game of football, often as good as and sometimes better than that seen at the colleges. The Tacoma High-School, for example, although physically much lighter, yesterday very easily defeated the Puget Sound University eleven, by the score of 12 to 0.

The athletic organization of the colleges is more thorough than that of the schools, as somewhat naturally it should be. There are quite a number of colleges in western Washington, all small, and comparatively new to amateur sport. They do not as yet reap much benefit from what little athletic activity there is in the local schools, because too often the boy goes direct from school into business. The percentage that can afford time for both school and college is still rather small.

So, too, the class of men found at these colleges have not usually had the advantage of preparatory-school drilling, either in scholarship or in sport. But it is a class of very earnest young men; and although advance in athletics has been slow, from lack of time to give it, that advance has been along the proper lines. This commendation, however, applies only to the work of the last couple of years, for previous to that there was a great deal of disregard for the accepted standards of college sport.

To the Eastern mind the word college, with reference to sport, conveys an impression of athletic fields, gymnasia, and students to the number of not less than five hundred. In Washington there are six colleges, none of which has such facilities for athletics as the poorest and smallest of our Eastern institutions, and I doubt if there are over one thousand undergraduates divided among the six Washington colleges.

The six—Walla Walla, University of Washington (Seattle), Whitworth College (Sumner), Puget Sound University (Tacoma), Vashon College (Vashon Island, Puget Sound), and Pullman Agricultural College (Pullman)—are organized into the Western Washington Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, which annually holds a series of contests in football, baseball, and track athletics. All these colleges pretend to athletic activity to a greater or

WILLAMETTE BOAT CLUB HOUSE, PORTLAND.

less degree, but those at Tacoma and at Seattle are, in fact, most often in the field.

Whatever may be the quality of athletic performance, there is no question of the Association's rules being first class. Among others is one limiting play to four years—as yet somewhat unnecessary, since the present question is not so much to stop men playing as to get them playing at all. A scholarship standard is not demanded by the Association, but is exacted by one or two of the colleges—notably by Washington University. The Athletic Committee of this Association is composed of undergraduates, but its work is supervised by the faculty, whose approval is necessary to every legislative act. The result is a very healthful state of affairs, not yet beyond occasional lapses, but nevertheless an exceedingly creditable condition. Besides these colleges are two in Oregon—the State University and the Agricultural Institution—both of which are also in the athletic movement, though, as yet, not to any notable extent.

The athletic pioneers of the Pacific Northwest were the clubs of Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, and, take it all in all, it must be acknowledged they have done a great deal for the amateur sport of that section. Their methods of building up teams have not always been wholesome, or even efficacious, but we confess there has been more excuse for their subscribing to the doctrine of athletic transmigration than any other clubs we have known. I do not wish to be understood as excusing their practice of "attracting" foreign and wandering football or baseball stars to their teams, but I do say the temptation has been greater here than elsewhere, and that the disease has been intermittent in its violence. It really is true that the employment of outside material has been at times a necessary evil. But the necessity is now happily passed, and the evil very nearly eradicated. The pace of two years ago has been abandoned, and the sport is much more healthful in consequence. It was the "pace that kills," so far as Tacoma was concerned, for its athletic club, since it dropped out of the unhealthful running of that time, has put forth neither a football nor a baseball team.

That, however, is not to say that the Tacoma Club is no longer a factor in Pacific Northwest sport. On the contrary, next to the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland, Tacoma is the strongest in track athletics of any club on the Pacific coast. And, what is still more commendable, since the unhappy experience in football and baseball, Tacoma has learned the lesson administered to all clubs which pursue unwholesome tactics, and is keeping its track athletics clean. With so strong an athletic sentiment manifest in the Tacoma High-School, and such promising material in various stages of development, I look for the Tacoma Athletic Club's speedy return to baseball and football, and on healthful lines.

Although the Seattle Athletic Club has not been above reproach, yet it has suffered less than others from the unwholesome athletic atmosphere which enveloped all the Puget Sound clubs several years ago. And its immunity from injury results from two prime reasons—(1) because the sentiment of the active men in the club, and of the club at large, has, from the very beginning, been wholesome, unhealthful measures being adopted only as a last expedient to keep the very life in a game that was near perishing on account of the dire athletic poverty of the local country; (2) because it has been singularly blessed by having a president of commendable sportsmanship and sound business judgment, who has guided the club skilfully through difficulties to which other clubs have succumbed. This club has transgressed the ethics of amateur

MULTNOMAH ATHLETIC CLUB GROUNDS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

sport on more than one occasion, but, I think, rather because of real (as opposed to fancied) necessity than because of viciousness. Its chief athletic indulgence is football, although it makes occasional spurts in rowing. Track-athletic material has always been wanting at Seattle—or perhaps undeveloped—but the recently bestirred interest in the schools and colleges is certain to bring candidates to the club. Indeed, already there is a beginning, brought about by President Goldsmith's offer of cups for competition by the schoolboy athletes, and the club's wisdom in bidding for a junior membership by throwing its gymnasium and bowling-alleys and baths open (gratis) to the boys of the High-school. Temporarily the club has abandoned baseball because of the professional spirit with which the Puget Sound game seems infested. This, too, I am convinced, the budding athletic spirit in the schools will shortly rectify.

The Multnomah Club of Portland is easily the leading athletic club not only of the Pacific Northwest, but of the Pacific coast. And what is more, its athletics are and have always been the cleanest on the coast. In fact, the Multnomah maintains an ethical standard second only to that of the Boston Athletic Association, and the latter, in my judgment, is, from an amateur point of view, the leading club in the United States. Portland differs from the other towns of the Pacific Northwest in being older, more settled, and consequently has fewer of those fortune-seekers who drift from one new town to another in the wake of booms and other symptoms suggestive of employment.

Thus the Multnomah Club has profited by the stability of its surroundings, and has had less difficulty than the Puget Sound clubs in acquiring likely athletic material. It supports baseball, football, and track athletics, shining especially in the last, and has a comfortable club house where handball rules as the absorbing in-door occupation. The Portland Athletic Club affords the Multnomah teams practice, and the Y. M. C. A. does likewise for the Seattle Club.

Nor is this all there is of sport in the Pacific Northwest; there is golf at Tacoma, Victoria, Portland, and Seattle, the last two being recent converts; rowing at all of these towns, and also at Vancouver; while at Seattle a yacht club, with a fleet of perhaps a dozen small sloops—thirty feet, or thereabouts; and a country club which provides abundant healthful out-of-door entertainment. The most popular game at Vancouver and Victoria is that greatest of all games, lacrosse, which we in the United States neglect so shamefully. It is a sad reflection on our sporting acumen that we do. Seattle, however, is preparing to prove the exception, and hopes to introduce the lacrosse through the schools within a year.

First and last, the Pacific Northwest athletic outlook is cheering.

Seattle, Washington, *October 10, 1897.*

## THE CONTEST FOR THE UPPER NILE.

The contest now going on for the control of the Upper Nile involves a great variety of interests, commercial, political, and racial. These, too, are so mixed, intertwined, and mutually dependent that it is not easy to separate one from another.

The commercial interests are twofold—the development of Egypt, and the furnishing of an outlet to the markets of Europe for the produce of eastern central Africa. The political interests are connected with the predominance of European influence in Africa, and its consequent effect on other sections. Any government that can control such an extent of territory, and especially of waterway, as that from Victoria Nyanza to the Mediterranean, will have not merely a prestige, but an actual power that can scarcely be measured. The racial interests involved are those of Abyssinia, just waking from its long sleep of centuries, and of the Arab Dervishes, who see their power slipping from their hands, and are making what they must feel to be their final fight for the predominance of their race. Inseparably connected with their fate is that of their religion. Islam has lost its rule of Asia; must it also give up Africa?

The commercial questions involved are so patent as scarcely to need mention. The entire Egyptian plain is absolutely dependent on the Nile overflow. A rise of less than twenty feet at Cairo means scarcity; of more than twenty-seven feet, a flood. Prosperity lies between these extremes, and it becomes therefore of great importance to secure if possible a somewhat even flow. With the advance of modern science it has been held that by proper management at the sources of the river, or rather below the confluence of its more important branches, this evenness of flow could be secured. If so, the converse holds true, and a hostile power in control of that section would have Egypt at its mercy. The value of such a waterway for the development of the trade of the Sudan, and even of the eastern Congo, is evident. Once at the mouth of the Nile, and European markets are open, whereas from the Congo to Europe is a long voyage.

The political interests are closely connected with the commercial. England has secured control of Egypt. She also holds the Nyanzas. To develop both she needs the whole Nile Valley. With that secure, she would have a degree of trade and military power upon which her rivals could scarcely look without concern. France has for years felt aggrieved at being ousted, even through her own fault, from Egypt, and has sought in every way to regain her hold, or at least to weaken that of England. With keen vision for anything that might help her, she secured possession in 1884 of Obok, on the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and gradually enlarged her borders, until she secured quite a province, including the whole bay to the south. With the collapse of aggressive Italian colonization and the rise of Abyssinian pretensions she began negotiations for extending her influence to the southern provinces, especially Harrar. England blocked her in her effort to secure possession of that fertile province, but she has pressed on and is rapidly completing a railway from Jibutil, opposite Obok, to the capital of Harrar, opening up thus southern Abyssinia, including Menelek's own province of Shoa. At the same time adventurous officials in the French Congo started expeditions north and east. One of them, under Captain Marchand, worked its way through Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan, keeping to the south and avoiding the fierce tribes to the north, and recently reached Fashoda, on the Nile. From Fashoda to Harrar the country is friendly, and a continuous line of outposts from Jibutil to Gaboon would be no impossibility. If England seeks connection from the Cape to Alexandria, why should not France seek the same from the Atlantic to the Arabian Sea? And if in securing that she can block England in Egypt, that will be no disadvantage.

Italy's interest is quiescent. The defeat at Adowa convinced her that East African colonization was not her forte, but she holds Eritrea and the Somali coast, and has by no means given up her claim to the territory south of Abyssinia, conterminous with England's sphere of influence. Germany has as yet kept aloof, but, to the surprise of many, Russian political influence is evident in many ways, chiefly in the furnishing to Abyssinia of skilled men to direct her efforts toward self-elevation.

To these movements England is offering a rather tardy resistance. Her expedition against Khartum, for the purpose of retrieving the costly mistake of 1885, when she left Gordon to die at the hands of the Mahdi, is progressing steadily, if rather slowly—so slowly as to allow Menelek, with his French allies and Russian sponsors, plenty of time to intrench himself in his so-called Equatorial Provinces. Captain Macdonald's expedition north of Victoria Nyanza, directed apparently across Captain Marchand's path, has met with serious difficulty, and there is a wide gap between Berber and Uganda. Whether it can be covered is uncertain.

The rise of the Abyssinians is one of the most interesting events of the past decade. When England, in 1868, defeated and overthrew the tyrant Theodore, it seemed scarcely possible that his country could ever assume any position of influence. His successor, Johannes II., attracted little notice, except for his defeat by Italy, which claimed suzerainty over the whole empire of Ethiopia. The death of Johannes II. gave opportunity for a change. Thitherto the princes of Tigre, the northern province, had held the first place. Now appeared a rival in Menelek of Shoa, the southern province. He was supported by the Italians, and helped their cause, until he felt himself strong enough to denounce the treaty which recognized their suzerainty, and to undertake a campaign for independence. The victory of Adowa placed him in a position to claim recognition, and forthwith commenced a series of embassies. England sent the ponderous Sir Rennel Rodd; France, the vivacious Henry of Orleans; and Russia, in the person of Count Leontieff, one of those representatives who can be adopted or dismissed with perfect ease according to the circumstances of the hour. More potent perhaps even than these was the advent of a company of Russian ecclesiastics, with full canonicals, to welcome the old heretical branch of the Great Eastern Church back into the Orthodox fold. In any case these were the only ones whose visit was returned, and an Abyssinian expedition, from the equator to near the pole returned with exuberant praise of the gorgeous ceremonies of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Then came reports of treaties and *ententes* of various kinds and curiously inconsistent character, all cast into the shade by a proclamation claiming for Abyssinia the entire section west to the Nile, and extending from a little below Khartum south to Wadelai, on the very borders of Uganda. This, it was said, was secured by treaty with England, but needed the endorsement of France and Russia! Of such endorsement nothing has been heard, although the Russian Leontieff has been announced as governor of the whole region, under the name of the Equatorial Provinces of Abyssinia. At the same time there is no question of Menelek's favor for the French railway to Harrar, and Captain Marchand apparently counts on his friendship rather than his hostility. What the ambitious Negus will plan next is not evident. That his ambition is great is undoubted, as is also his genuinely Oriental skill in playing off one political influence against another.

The Dervishes remain the only element that has no future. Whether England or France secure the upper hand on the Nile, their doom is sealed. The tyranny of the Mahdi, followed by the atrocious cruelties of the Khalifa, have told heavily on their strength. So far as appears, there is little loyalty, and the crowds of suppliant refugees in the British camp at Berber are witnesses to the devastation that Moslem arrogance and terror have wrought. That Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan will collapse at once is not to be expected. There will be many a hard fight, and Khartum may not be entered with ease. The resistance cannot, however, be long. There is talk of an alliance between Menelek and the Khalifa to unite in resistance to European encroachments. It is difficult, however, to believe that the canny Abyssinian will put himself into the hands of so dangerous an enemy. He may temporize for a time, but he must ally himself with progress rather than with reaction. The next few months can scarcely fail to bring events of great interest to all who desire to see the fairest countries of Africa brought into close relation to civilization.

Edwin Munsell Bliss.

## THE AVERY ARCHITECTURAL LIBRARY.

A few days ago the Avery Architectural Library was formally installed in the east wing of the new Library of Columbia University. It was an event of much more than local interest, confined either to the university or to the city of New York; for this library has already established an international reputation, and by the bibliography of the subject which its splendid catalogue affords will benefit the cause of art all over the world. And yet the collecting of this noble array of books is the work of only a few years.

In 1890 died the brilliant young architect Henry O. Avery, and to his memory his father and mother united in forming this library. The son's own library of some two hundred volumes formed the nucleus; and Mr. S. P. Avery, the father, a gentleman recognized not only for his judgment and success as a dealer in pictures, but for his general culture, added many books from his own library, and supplied the funds for purchasing the rest and maintaining the collection. In its formation Mr. George H. Baker, librarian of Columbia University, received the assistance of Professor Ware and Mr. Russell Sturgis, as well as advice from Mr. Avery himself and other persons.

The principle of selection adopted was to collect material out of which any question concerning the development of any form of architecture, and the architecture of any land or period, could be studied; and, further, to provide material for the study of the architectural development of individual buildings of importance. The parent trunk, in a word, is the comprehensive growth and specific adaptation of the principles of architecture. The ramifications from this, both great and small, include a mass of collateral matter, valuable not only to architects, but to sculptors, painters, and engravers, as well as to designers in all the applied arts. To illustrate its manifold comprehensiveness one may quote at random from the catalogue. There are all the great works on architecture from Vitruvius to the present day. The monographs on cathedrals alone would form a fair-sized library; there is a complete edition of Piranesi's engravings; books upon mosaics, stained glass, tapestry, furniture, iron construction, Pompeii, goldsmith's work, and ornament of every kind.

To say that the library consists of 15,000 volumes inadequately suggests its value, unless one adds that the books are all of recognized merit, are accessible to any one at all hours of the day, and have been so admirably classified and catalogued that reference to them is easy and immediate. In the compiling of this catalogue alone an international service has been done, for it presents in all probability the most complete bibliography of the subject in existence. The library, also, need not fear comparison with any other of its kind in the world. The Architectural Library of the British Museum is probably the only one which contains more volumes, but in the accessibility of its books for reference the Avery Library is *facile princeps*.

At one end of the room in which this library is installed is a bronze memorial in low relief, presented by the father and mother in memory of their son, and at the other end a tablet, erected "In Memory of Our Beloved Associate," by the members of the Architectural League of New York.

This association of memorials of ancient and still living art with these touching tributes to the young fellow-worker who is gone gives a solemn point to the old truth, "Ars longa, vita brevis."

## THE FIRST AMERICAN TORPEDO.

Our peaceful Puritan New England has done strangely much to make war terrible. To-day Connecticut astonishes the world by the variety of weapons she makes and exports to every corner of the world. Not long ago, I was visiting the collection belonging to the Royal Artillery Institution of Woolwich, and Major Abdy called my attention, amongst other things, to a letter written in 1777 by the captain of the British man-of-war *Cerberus*, addressed to Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Parker. This interesting communication gives the first historic account of the torpedo as an engine of maritime warfare. We know now what at that time was a mystery to the British, that this torpedo was the creation of David Bushnell, a captain of engineers in the United States Army. Through the courtesy of Major Abdy, I have been permitted to copy this letter from the original; it is of such widespread interest that I make no apologies for sending it unabridged.

Poultney Bigelow.

[Extract from a Letter to Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Parker.]

"Cerberus," Rhode Island, *August 15, 1777.*

Sir,—Wednesday night being at Anchor to the Westward of New London in Black Point Bay, the Schooner I had taken at Anchor close by me a-stern; about Eleven o'Clock at Night we discovered a line towing astern that came from the Bows; we immediately conjectured it was somebody that had veered himself away by it, and began to haul in, we then found that the Schooner had got hold of it, who had (taking it for a fishing-line) gathered in near 150 Fathoms, which was buoyed by little bits of Sticks at stated Distances until he came to the end, at which was fastened a Machine, which was too heavy for one man to haul up, being upwards of one hundred weight; the other People of the Boat turning out, assisted him, got it in upon Deck, and were unfortunately examining it too curiously when it went off like the sound of a Gun, blew the Boat all to Pieces and set her in a flame, killed the three Men that were in the stern, the fourth who was standing forward was blown into the water. I hoisted the Boat out and picked him up much hurt; as soon as he could recollect himself, he gave me the following Description as near as he could remember. It was two Vessels shaped like a Boat, about 20 Inches long and a foot broad, secured together at the distance of four feet by two Iron Bars, one at each end, and an Iron Tube or Gun Barrel in the Centre which was loose (as he had himself turned it round with his hand); they swam one over the other, the upper one keel upwards, the lower swam properly, but was so deep under Water as just to keep the upper one a few Inches above the Surface. To the after Iron Bar hung a flat Board, moving on Pintles, which seemed to serve as a Rudder. On the inside of the upper one was a large Iron Wheel, about Six Inches Diameter, with Cogs, which turned upon Axis and communicated itself to one on the upper side of the Boat of a lesser Diameter; opposite to these was another Wheel on the flat of the under One or loaded Vessel, which had likewise Communication with the Wheels of the upper Boat; it was covered with Lead and the Keel heavy loaded in order to keep it down in the Water.

The fatal Curiosity of the Seaman (who unfortunately was bred to working on Iron) set this Wheel agoing, which it did with great ease backwards and forwards; and during their looking at it, which was about five Minutes from the time of its being first put in Motion, it burst. Upon examining round the Ship after this Accident we found the other part of the line on the Larboard Side buoyed in the same manner, which I ordered to be cut away immediately for fear of hauling up another Machine, which I concluded was fast at the end and might burst when too nigh the Ship.

The mode these Villains must have taken to have swifted the Ship must have been to have rowed off into the Stream a considerable Distance ahead of the Ship, leaving one of their Infernals in Shore and floating the other at the Distance of the Line, which from the Quantity we have got on board (nearly 70 fathoms) and what the Man tells me they saved in the Schooner, upwards of 150 Fathoms more, must have been near 300 Fathom. They at the length of this Line put the other in the Water and left it for the Tide to float down, which in this place runs very strong.

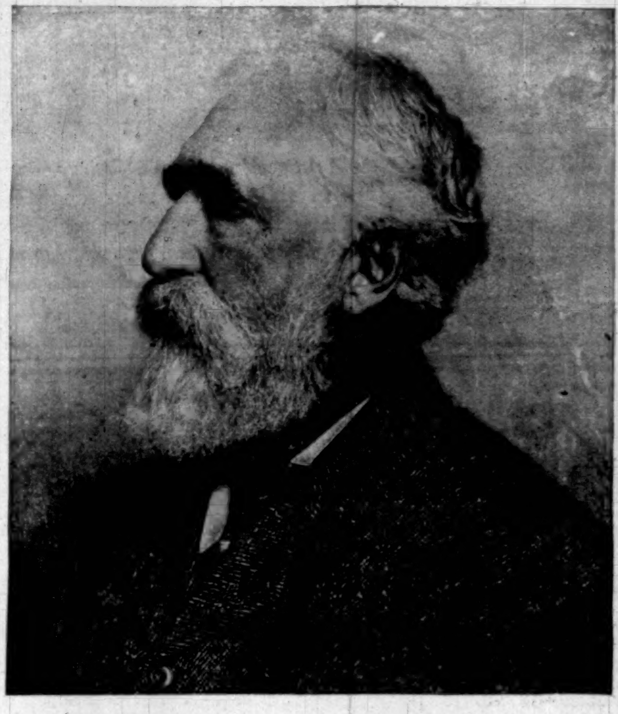
As the Ingenuity of these People is singular in their secret modes of Mischief, and as I presume this is their first Essay, I have thought it indispensably my Duty to return and give you the earliest Information of the Circumstances, to prevent the like fatal Accident happening to any of the Advance Ships that may possibly be swifted in the same manner, and to forbid all Seamen from attempting hauling the Line or bringing the Vessel near the Ship, as it is filled with that kind of Combustible that burns though in the Water.

I am, Sir, etc.,

*To Rear Admiral Parker:* Jno. Symons.

P.S.—Upon showing the Man I saved a Model I had made as near to this Description as possible, to enquire if it was like the thing he saw, I find that the Wheel in the Middle of the fore end of the upper Boat was made of Wood with Iron Teeth sharp and projected about an Inch without side the Gunwhale of the Boat of each side, in order, as I suppose, to stick to the side when hauling up and to set the Wheels in Motion which we found in 5 Minutes after being turned, the Explosition took place; from this Circumstance it was fortunate I ordered the other to be cut away, for, had it taken under the Counter in hauling alongside, there is no answering what the effect might have been.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.



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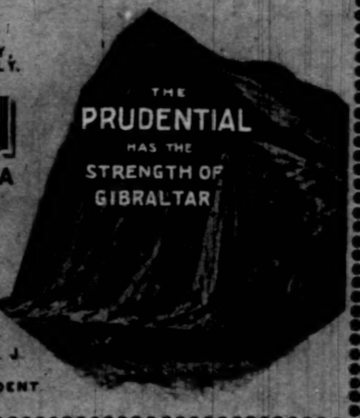

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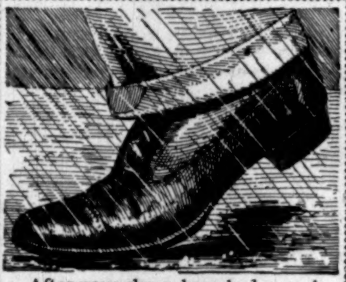

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